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The Most Celebrated
Popish Ecclesiastical
ROMANCE:

Being the LIFE of
Veronica of Milan.

A Book certify'd by the Heads of the University of *Conimbra* in *Portugal*, to be revised by the Angels and approved of by God: (*ja visto y revisto pellos Anios y aprovado por Dios.*)

Begun to be Translated from the *Portuguese* by the late Dr. GEDDES, and finish'd by Mr. OZELL:

With the Approbation of his GRACE the
ARCH-BISHOP of *CANTERBURY*,
In whose Library at *Lambeth* the Original
of this Curiosity remains.

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T H E P R E F A C E.

TH E design of the following Translation, as well as of the Original, the Reader will hereafter find so fully set forth by the late Dr. Geddes, that it is absolutely unnecessary for me to say any thing upon that head. If it had pleas'd God to have continued that learned Man longer in this life, the Piece had been enrich'd throughout with those judicious Observations he was so capable of making, and with which so much as was done by him is replenish'd. But since Providence ordain'd it otherwise, the Reader must take up with a bare Translation of so much as he left undone: and indeed even That will sufficiently convince any ingenuous mind of the folly and wickedness of the Popish Writers, and also of the badness of that Cause which must stand in need of such Forgeries to support it. The Book it self, after many written Copies had been bandied about divers Years in order to prevent the good effects of the Reformation, was at last printed in Spanish, which if I could have procur'd I would have collated with that printed in the Portuguese Tongue, to have seen whether they differ'd. But having long sought for the former without Success, I proceeded where the Doctor left off upon the latter, printed at Lisbon in the Year 1671 and dedicated to the Princess of Portugal.

Before I dismiss the Reader, it will be proper to obviate a Query he may make about the Omission of the remarkable Story of the Handkerchief so well remember'd by all, and which even some very learned Persons, deceiv'd by the co-

The PREFACE.

incidence of Names, have expected to find in the following Tract, because of its being intituled Veronica; whereas the Legend of the Handkerchief so call'd is much antecedent than our Milanesse Saint, as will appear from the following account, which I have extracted from a foreign Author.

VERONICA, a Name commonly given to Berenice, a Jewish Woman who threw a Handkerchief upon our Saviour's Face, (when he was bearing his Cross to Mount Calvary,) to wipe away the Blood and Sweat with which he was cover'd. Some say, Veronica is properly the Figure it self of our Saviour's Face, which remain'd impress'd upon that Handkerchief, so call'd from these two Words, Vera Icon; (that is, a true Image) and by corruption, Veronica. It is believed that this Handkerchief was done up in three Folds, with the print of our Saviour's Face on each, and that one is kept at Rome, another in Spain, and the third at Jerusalem. There is in the Library of the Vatican a Manuscript, containing the History of the Translation of the Holy Face of our Saviour, which, they say, was brought to Rome in the Reign of Tiberius; for Methodius says, that that Emperor, who had heard talk of the Miracles of Christ in Judea, being seized with a Leprosie, sent Ambassadors thither to fetch him; but the Son of God being then Ascended to Heaven, they brought to Rome that Berenice who had our Saviour's Face stamp'd upon her Handkerchief, and it cured the Emperor with a Touch. Pope Boniface VIII. caused that precious Relick, of which there has been several Copies made, to be brought from the Church of the Holy Ghost, to that of St. Peter.

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THE
L I F E
Of the Blessed
V E R O N I C A
Of *M I L A N*.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .



H O' none, that do firmly believe the Popish Legendary Stories related in my former Tracts, or any other Popish Legend, can after that well doubt of Popery's being from Heaven, for its being the Religion of the pretended Saint the Legend treats of; nevertheless, of all the Popish Ecclesiastical Romances, devised on purpose to support the groundless credit of that Heresy, that came ever to my Hands, there is not one deserves to be named with that of *Veronica* of *Milan*, who lived towards the latter end of the fifteenth Century, a few
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years before the Reformation, but whose Legend was writ many years after it; and with a design to support the Authority of the Church of *Rome*, against all that was done by the Reformers to shake it; there not being a Doctrine or Usage in that corrupt Church, condemned by the Reformers, that in this Legend is not said to have had its truth and lawfulness confirmed by the infallible Testimony of an Heavenly Vision. And here, to obviate its being objected, that the publishing of those Visions will be to surfeit the Protestant World with old Legendary Trash, whereof the *Papists* themselves, since the time of the Reformation and of the Restoration of Learning, do make little use, if they be not ashamed of it; I must here let the Reader know, that the *Life of Veronica*, which I have made use of, was writ in *Portuguese* by *John Freiro* an *Austine Hermite*, and Doctor of the Chair in the University of *Conimbra*; and was by him printed in *Lisbon* in the Year 1671, and dedicated to the Princess of *Portugal*, and was pompously ushered into the World by the following Licences and Recommendations.

1. Father *Jorge de Cruz*, the Definidor, in his Licence, saith of it, That for two Reasons it ought to be Printed; the first (which were it true, it would not want a second) was, because it had been, *la visto & revisto pelloz Anios, y aprovado por Dios*, that is, Already view'd and review'd by the Angels, and Approved of by God.

2. Father *John de Ascension*, in his Licence saith of it, To me it appears most worthy to be
Printed,

Printed, for its being all conformable to the Service and Love of God; and because thro' the Envy of the Times, and the Negligence of those who were under the strictest Obligations to have prevented it; the notice of so great Glories communicated to this Religion (meaning the *Austine* Order) have been so long buried.

3. *Joseph Soto Maior*, the Provincial of the *Austine* Order, saith of it in his Licence, This Life of the blessed *Veronica* is very worthy to be known by all, for their Edification, and to inflame them with Divine Love.

4. Father *Fernandez Suarez* in his Licence saith of it, That it well deserves to be Printed: the Virtues of the Blessed *Veronica*, and the Favour God was pleased to communicate to her, being so rare, that by the knowledge of them, all may be incited to Virtue, and to tread in the way of Salvation.

These Licences, and high Recommendations do all bear Date 1671; and upon the fresh Authority of so many eminent Friars, the Visions of the Prophet *Ezekiel* and of St. *John* are not more firmly believ'd in *Portugal*, than the Visions of *Veronica*, which are related in this her new *Legend*, and by none so greedily there, and in all other places, as by those that are inclined to Quietism; the Protestants that are so inclined not excepted; who being all naturally disposed to believe any Reports of Raptures and Visions, let them come from what quarter they will, do with that Credulity insensibly swallow down the *Popish* Doctrines they were invented to give

credit to: And tho' I am not ignorant, that at present this is one of the subtlest and most prevailing Sorceries of *Popery*; yet that shall not hinder me from publishing *Veronica's Visions in English*; and the Reason why it shall not, is, that if they cannot cure People of the Credulity of believing all the Visionary Whimfies of Monks and Friars published with a design to advance the Honour of *Popery*, or of their several Orders, nothing that can be done to such Fanaticks will ever cure them of it, there not being any Story in the Golden *Legend* itself, nor in the *Legend* of *Mahomet's Alcoran*, that is more absurd and more incredible, than they are. All which Visions I shall relate in the Writer of *Veronica's Life's* own Words, intersperst with some short Remarks upon them, shewing with what design they were invented and published.

BOOK I.

*Containing an Account of VERONICA's
Birth, &c.*

V*eronica*, who tho' she is not yet canonized, is beatify'd by the Pope, was born of mean Parents in an obscure Village called *Binascha*, which is about 9 Leagues distant from the City of *Milan*, in the Year 1446.

Humility, nor no other Christian Virtue, is said to have been at work in *Veronica* so early as they are commonly reported to be in the Legendary Saints; there not being in her Legend, one word of the Feats of any miraculous Gift in her, whilst she was in the Womb, or at her Birth, or in a year after. But the Importance of the first exercise of her Saintship abundantly recompenses for its coming so late: Which was, that when she was but little above a year old, she did solemnly consecrate her Purity to God, and upon that Consecration espoused her self to Christ; and after those Espousals she took no delight in play nor nothing else, but in the conversation of her Spouse; whose voice, saith our Author, was continually knocking at the door of her young Heart, and gallanting it with Amours.

Her employment till she was about 20 years old, was, in works of Husbandry, in which her Father was a day Labourer; and tho' her Spouse was regaling her wherever she was, yet no where
with

with so tender Caresses as in the Field, when she was at work there. This would have tied her for her whole Life to the labours of Husbandry; had she not been drawn from them, to the easier Labours of begging, by a Report of a standing Miracle wrought in the Convent of the *Austin* Nuns, dedicated to St. *Martha*, in the City of *Milan*. The Miracle was, that when the Corps of any of the Nuns was brought to the grave to be buried, the Corpses of all the Nuns that had been interred before, did remove themselves from the Places where they lay, to make room for the last Comer: A plain evidence, saith our Author, of those Nuns having all carried their Humility to their Graves with them; for if they had not, their dead Corpses would not have been so forward to give Place to their Juniors. I for my part do question whether *Veronica*, tho' she was carried to *Milan* by the report of this Miracle, did ever see it wrought there, because it is no where said that she did, nor is it ever any more mentioned in her Legend, as it would certainly, had it ever been performed either at her own Interment or at those of the Nuns who died during the years that *Veronica* was in that Convent; but tho' it would look very odd in any other History, to have a loud crack made with a standing Miracle, and immediately to drop it so as never to mention it any more on any of the Occasions on which it was said to have been constantly performed; yet this is not one of the least Beauties in Legendary History, which having served a turn with the crack of a Miracle being constant, drops it, as if the Repetition of it did

did not deserve to be taken notice of, or as if the first Report did not stand in need of it to help it to credit.

Veronica having got to *Milan*, she apply'd herself to the Prioress of *St. Martha*, but tho' she beg'd of her to be admitted into her Convent, with Prayers and abundance of Tears, she was bid go home, and learn to read, and if she came to her again, she should know her mind about it.

Veronica of all things in the World desiring to get into that Convent, she returned home with a full purpose to learn to read; and having got her a Hornbook, tho' she worked at it incessantly, she could not learn her Letters; and despairing of ever being able to master them, without an extraordinary Assistance from Heaven, she flung away her Hornbook, and apply'd herself to Prayer, in which as she was one day exercised, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her, and said, Be not afraid Daughter for I am much thy Mother, give over tiring your self with your Hornbook, and learn but three Letters, which will be enough for you: To wit, A of a white Colour, and A of a black Colour, and A of a red Colour. *Veronica* taking heart at these Words, asked, Are not you the most pure Virgin, the Mother of my Lord? I am, reply'd our Lady, the Mother of God that can do all things. But *Veronica* fixing her Eyes on her own Unworthiness, more than on the Divine Liberality, cry'd out, Oh, my Vileness will not suffer me to believe what I hear
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and see! Is this the Mother of God that is come to visit me, or is it an Illusion of the Devil transform'd into this Beauty to deceive me? My Child, answered our Lady, you have no reason to doubt of my being the Mother of Christ, for I am the very same, therefore mind the Letters I am come to teach thee. The A of a white Colour is purity of Spirit, &c. The black A is that thou must in no case give scandal to thy Neighbours, and especially by murmuring; and on the red A I do command thee to meditate Day and Night, but chiefly on that part of it which relates to my Son's Passion, and for the rest of the Letters, you may (if you can) learn them by study, but I will teach you no more of them. But tho' upon this Licence *Veronica* returned to her Hornbook, she could make nothing of it, and was never able to go any further in it than A, which she knew in all its Colours perfectly well where-ever she saw it. So contenting herself with the three Letters she had been taught by our Lady, tho' in reality they were but one Letter of three different Colours, she returned to the Prioress with them, who (tho' she would not admit her a Nun, for which she did not judge her to be qualified by knowing one Letter tho' it was taught her by the Blessed Virgin,) did receive her into it as a Lay-Sister, whose chief Business it is to serve the Nuns within the Convent, and to go from door to door to beg bread for them, having nothing but Alms to live upon, for which Employment *Veronica's* Eyes and Cheeks being never dry from Tears might be no inconsiderable Qualification.

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The inexhaustible fountain of Tears, which were continually running down her Cheeks in Floods, came with her into the World; which, if her Parents Poverty was not, might be the cause of her not having been sent to School to learn to read when she was a Child.

Veronica was 22 Years old when she was admitted a Lay Sister. The great care of her whole Life was to conceal from the World all her interior miraculous Gifts, which she had hitherto done with so good success that none that knew her did ever suspect she had any; on the contrary, they did all reckon that Heaven had been as unkind to her as to her Interiors, having deny'd her the common Capacity of being able learn her Letters, as it was as to her Exteriors which were but very ordinary. This painful Care was doubled by her living in a Society whose Observation it is not easy for any Secret long to escape. This obliged her to double her Vigilance, which is by our Author called her Pious Hypocrisy, in which she was for some time so successful, that besides her continual Floods of Tears, they saw nothing in her that was Extraordinary that was not to her disadvantage. And as to her Tears, she was so apprehensive of having her miraculous Interiors detected by them, she oftentimes made herself sick by striving vehemently to stop them that they might not tell tales from within; but having once by that means made herself very sick, her Spouse appeared and said to her, Know, Daughter, that notwithstanding Tears which do flow from
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the Consideration of my Passion are agreeable to me, yet there are no Tears I am so well pleased with as those that are shed on account of the pain my Mother was in at the time of my Passion on the Cross. Can any that believe this Story think there is any danger of worshipping the Blessed Virgin too much?

But after all this pudder about concealing *Veronica's* miraculous Interiours, a Nun whose name was *Thadea*, was by an express order from Heaven let into the whole Secret of them, which (*Thadea* being under no Obligation that we read of not to divulge them) was the same as to have ordered them to be proclaimed to the whole Convent and City.

Thadea had not been long in the Secret of *Veronica's* Tears, before she was solicitous to enquire into their Quantity; and, having met with an Angel that was as curious in the matter as she could be, once when *Veronica* was in a Rapture, they two did hold a wooden Platter under her Chin, and before the Rapture was over, they had catched as many Tears in it as did weigh two *Milan* Pounds: But tho' the Angel and *Thadea* were so lucky as to have *Veronica's* Tears run into the Bowl they held to catch them, her Tears when she was in Raptures did often hang in the Air, and when the Raptures were over run back to their Fountains, as was affirmed by several Nuns upon Oath, who had been Eye-Witnesses of it. On this Occasion our Author saith, that in his little Book to pretend to relate all the Miracles wrought by *Veronica's* Tears, would be the same as to seek

to croud all the Water of the Sea into one Cockle-Shell.

Veronica, without being taught her Letters by him, was taught Church Musick by an Angel; but tho' she sung the Psalms as well and with a Voice as melodious as her School-Master's, yet so impertinent was her Humility, that it would never suffer her to sing in the Quire, or in Publick; and (which is very strange) the Prioress comply'd with her Humility in this so far as to lose an angelical Voice in her Quire, when she might have had one for a word speaking.

On one of the Days of the Octaves of the Feast of *Corpus Christi*, in the Year 1487, *Veronica* as she was at Mass, saw her Spouse in a sensible Form reduced to his Infancy, and being transformed into a most beautiful Child, playing before the Sacrary upon the Altar all the time Mass was saying; he was in White Coats, that his Cloaths might be of the same Colour with the Soul of his Spouse he came to entertain, and attended by a numerous Train of Angels, who, saith our Author, came to make their Court, and to assist the *gusto* of their King *taon perdido de Amores*, who was so undone with Love. *Veronica* imagining that all that were at Mass had seen her Spouse and his Retinue upon the Altar at play, did, after Mass was ended, innocently ask the Nuns; Ladies, how beautiful and gentile was the Child that was at play on the Altar all the time the Mass was saying; did not you observe how rich and glorious his Cloaths, and how fine the Angels were that attended him? The Nuns having

all with admiration answered, that they had seen no such thing, *Veronica* was so confounded with her having thus blabbed out so great a Secret, that she resolved never more to speak of any thing she saw of that kind, unless it were drawn from her by her Vow of Obedience, to which Vow tho' she was always much devoted, she was much more after her having received from her Spouse the following Admonition concerning it, who having appeared to her as she was at Prayer, much mortified by the Prioress having denied her a Licence to Anticipate her Matins, said to her, Daughter, It is more to my *Gusto* that you should obey your Superiors, than that you should anticipate you Matins; to observe the common Forms of your Order, in what relates to the Vow of Obedience, being the greatest Service that you can do me; Oh! how delicious to me all Observances are in the way of Obedience: it was the very thing that was so powerful with me as to cause me to become Man to die for the Love of Men. Now can any believe this Story, and not be all his Days in love with that blind Implicit Obedience, which is so much extolled by the Church of *Rome*, and made use of so much to advance her Interests, and especially in Convents, and which among other Advantages is the Bridle wherewith that Church governs all her Monastick Visionaries; who with all other Enthusiasts would otherwise run naturally into Conceits and Whimfies destructive of all Order and good Government; and of this the Church of *Rome* is so sensible, that at the same time that she pun-
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nisheth Visionaries and Enthusiasts that are abroad in the wide World with great Severities, she encourages such in Convents where she has them under the Vow of an Implicite Obedience to Sober and Crafty Superiors, so that had Father *Michael Molina* been a Monk or a Friar as he was a Secular Priest, his Quietism instead of being punished by the Inquisition, would have been managed by his cunning Monastick Superiors to his own Honour, and to the Honour and Profit of their Order.

The Author in another place speaking of *Veronica's* Obedience and Submissiveness in all things required of her by her Ghostly Parents, says, That it was to this Virtue of Obedience we are beholden for what we know concerning her: which tho' it was but very little in comparison of the whole, yet we may judge of a Giant by his Finger. The Prioress having laid her Commands upon her to discover her inward Enjoyments, *Veronica* trampled upon the Obstacle of her Humility, and communicated in part (not fully) her Confabulation with God, her Conversation with the Angels, her journeying and abiding in Heaven, and other Favours which she continually received of God. The Author adds, That Christ before this had appeared to her in a Vision on purpose to tell her, that in consideration of her extraordinary Humility he would shew her in the Heavenly *Jerusalem* the Solemn Festivals of all the Saints throughout the Year, that so the World being by her means made acquainted therewith, might be incited to Cele-

Celebrate, with the greater Solemnity, the Festivals of those Saints on Earth, since they were Celebrated with so much State in Heaven.

Veronica who excelled in Patience so, that to offend her, always gave a new Title to her Love, had that Grace exercised in her by extraordinary Trials, but chiefly by the cruel War she was engaged in with the Devil, whom she still called by the Fantastical Name of *Malatafca*. This War lasted Three long Years with very short Cessations, and tho' in the end *Veronica* was victorious, yet she was mauled and bruised so in several Battels, that she had certainly died of her Wounds, if she had not been taken up into Heaven and cured of them there; this hapned so often, that when *Veronica* was missing in the Convent it was commonly said that she was gone to Heaven to her Surgeon.

The Devil sometimes appeared to her in the shape of a Bull breathing forth Flames of Fire, and making horrible Bellowings, threatening to push her to Hell with his Horns. She was so frightned, that she could not receive the Sacrament that Day: (which perhaps was what the Devil aimed at). But she being presently snatched up into Heaven, our Saviour bid her not fear the Devil; for he would stand by her, and added, that he had given him leave to appear to her for a Year in the Shapes of divers Creatures.

Upon the *Friday* after the *Octaves* of *Corpus Christi*, in the Year 1493, an Angel having appeared to *Veronica*, he commanded her to order the Priest to keep a Consecrated Host for her use, which

which was done by the Prioress's Order. On *Saturday Night*, when *Veronica* was alone, musing upon this Command, and upon what it would end in, the Angel appeared to her again, bid her rise and go straight to the Church, and when she was there, pay her customary Reverence to the Sacrament which she used to pay to it when she received it:

Veronica obeyed the Angel, and as she was going said to her self, What can be the meaning of my Lord's commanding me to go to Church at this unusual Hour of the Night? Upon her first kneeling down there before the Altar, two lighted Wax Candles appear'd to her upon it, and as she kneeled the second time she saw the Door of the Sacrary open, and the Chalice wherein the Sacrament was kept place it self upon the Altar; and as she was bowing her Body to have kneeled a third time, a Cloud appeared to her with a Light in it that dazled her Eyes, tho' not so much, but that by its help she did see the *Hostia* taken out of the Chalice, and laid upon the Patin: And the Napkin that covered the Patin spread abroad: And at the same time saw and heard a numerous Choir of Angels attired in Rich and Splendid Vestments, singing the Anthem which they used to sing in Heaven: After that she saw the *Hostia* coming towards her thro' the Air, and when it was close to her Mouth, a Voice out of the Cloud said to her, *Accipe Corpus meum filia mea*, Take my Body my Daughter, adding immediately in *Veronica's* own Mother Tongue. *En son aquelle*

en quem sempre Creſte, I am he in whom thou haſt always believed. Having thus received the Sacrament from Chriſt's own Hand, *Veronica* returned, or was rather carried thro' the Air to her Cell, with the Sacrament in her Mouth, where ſhe kept it untill the Bell rung to Matins; when going to Church according to Cuſtom, ſhe found the Cloud which ſhe had left in the ſame place where it was when ſhe received the Sacrament; which Cloud, our Author ſaith, did continue for ſome time after the Communion was over, not upon *Veronica's* account, but for the ſake of the Church, and to do it an Honour, as it had before done *Veronica* the greateſt that was ever done to any Creature, for which it would, thro' all Ages, be the more frequented and reverenced.

By this extraordinary favour *Veronica's* Brains were ſo diſordered, that ſhe ſeemed not to know what ſhe ſaid or did; which having been obſerved by the Priorefs, ſhe commanded her, upon her Obedience, to let her know what had hapned to her. But tho' to do that went to her Heart like a Dagger, yet not daring to deny any thing to her Superior, ſhe related the whole Matter to her, with all its Circumſtances; acquainting her with the dreadful Agonies ſhe was in, leſt the Prieſt when he came to Celebrate might miſs the Conſecrated Hoſt which ſhe had received, only ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had ſome hopes, that Chriſt, to prevent the divulging of ſo great a Secret, would reſtore that Hoſt to its place as he had done once before, when ſhe received the Sacrament after a
miracu-

miraculous manner: but those Hopes of *Veronica's* came to nothing; for the Priest, when he came to celebrate, finding the Napkin not as he had left it, and missing the Host when he looked into the Chalice, he was so aghast that he trembled Hand and Foot, and continued as one thunderstruck until he saw *Veronica* snatched away in a Rapture; and being, after she returned, informed of the whole Matter, he flew in an Extasy of Joy to the Archbishop to acquaint him with what had happened. The Archbishop, believing all that the Priest had told him to be true, rejoiced at it above measure, as did all the Nuns, as the greatest Honour that could be done any Mortal.

But amidst all these Rejoycings, poor *Veronica* was thrown by them into most doleful Dumps, fearing lest when the World should come to know the singular Honour she had received, they would be ready to Worship her: Which the Priores and her Confessor having observed; to give her all the Ease they could, they both promised her never to mention it to any Person till after her Death, and did likewise prevail with the Archbishop to make her the same Promise. This gave *Veronica* some Comfort; tho' it was still a great trouble to her, their not promising her not to divulge it after she was in her Grave, to the magnifying of her Memory. So great was her Anxiety of Spirit, that she expostulated with her Spouse, as an Unkindness, asking him, since he could have done it now as easily as he once had before, why he did not restore the Host he had administred to her, to its place, and so prevent-

ed its being known that he had done her so great an Honour, which had given such a Wound to her Unworthiness, as could never be cured. Can any that believes this Tale, afterwards entertain any Doubt about the Truth of Transubstantiation? †

On those Days when she received the Sacrament, she not only forbore to take any Earthly Aliment (because that might be thought no more than a piece of Respect) but she had an incredible loathing and aversion thereto: A plain proof that she was entirely in her Spouse, and he in her. Her Abstinence reduc'd her to such Debility, that at last an Angel from Heaven was Commissioned to bring her some Bread; to which Miraculous Support, Sister *Thaddea* was a Witness, and had some of the Bread given her, which she likewise gave part of to the Confessor. It was a very common thing for our Saviour to Administer the Sacrament to *Veronica* with his own Hands.

In the dead of Night her Cell us'd to be fill'd with Light from Heaven; particularly, once as she was praying to an Image of the Virgin *Mary*, an Angel, brighter than the Sun, appeared to her, and with his resplendent Beams dispell'd the Obscurity of the Night. She was frightened at the suddenness of the thing; but she quickly recovered herself, upon his saying to her: *Fear not, Veronica; I am the Ambassador of God. The Light which thou hast so often seen with thy Eyes, is an Emanation from Heaven:*

† N.B. Thus far had Dr. Geddes proceeded when he dy'd: The rest is literally Translated (without Reflections) by Mr. Ozell, who likewise supplied one or two Passages omitted by the Doctor.

Fear not; neither pursue thy intention of the Desert, but follow the Will of God. Know that if thou goest into an Hermitage, thy Salvation will be endangered. The Reader must know, a little before this she had taken a Resolution of living in a Desert.

In the Year 1489, Christ appeared to *Veronica*, and told her she must prepare to go to the City of *Novocomo*: That she shou'd be accompanied by Sister *Thaddæa* and Sister *Simoa*: That indeed the latter was absent a great way off, but he would take care, by a Supernatural Notice, to bring her to *Veronica*: He further bade her set forwards on the 17th of *September*: The Eve of which Day, by a most wonderful working of God, Sister *Simoa* was unexpectedly seen in *Veronica's* Convent. They all three, by break of Day, began their Journey towards *Novocomo*: When they were come thither, Christ told *Veronica*, that there liv'd in the Monastery of St. *Francis* of *Novocomo* an old Monk call'd Friar *John*, whom she should make it her business to find out, and tell him of such and such Things which none but himself knew any thing of. She perform'd her Errand, to the inexpressible Amazement of the Holy Old Man, who upon a narrower Scrutiny into *Veronica's* Aspect and Behaviour, was fully convinc'd she came from God. *Veronica* was often dispatch'd upon such like Messages, particularly once to reclaim a Man that was under a secret mortal Sin, which she declared to him, and thereby open'd him a door of Salvation.

In the Year 1494, *Veronica* was sent Embassadrefs from Heaven to the Pope (*Alex. VI.*) But it was a full Twelvemonth before her Spouse Christ would let her know that it was to the Pope she was to go: He only told her she was to go to a very far Region, on purpose to raise her Curiosity, or to teaze her a little, as Lovers are us'd to do now and then to one another. At the Year's end he told her she must hasten away, but did not say whither. *Veronica* guess'd it was to *Rome*, nor was she mistaken, for their Hearts had spoken to each other. Her Spouse bade her take along with her *Thaddea*, whom he recommended to her for a Confident of all her Secrets. When they were come to *Rome*, the Pope, thro' the secret influence of Heaven, gave her Audience as soon as she ask'd it, to the Amazement of the whole Court. She threw her self at his Holiness's Feet, and kist them; and then privately delivered her Message. His Holiness receiv'd her with the greatest Civility, because he perceiv'd she was a most Holy Woman. She obtain'd of him a full Remission of Sins for her Convent, and after Eight Days departed from *Rome*, where she had been resorted to by People of all Conditions, tho' much against her will. She was received with the same Honours at *Florence* and *Parma*, and on the River *Po* miraculously sav'd from drowning a Boat full of Passengers.

There was in the Convent of *St. Martha* a Nun whose Name was *Liberata*. She was a good Liver, and by many Acts of Piety gave proofs

proofs of the Zeal with which her Breast was inflam'd for the Service of God. This Nun being summon'd to give an account how she had improv'd the Talent committed to her, and lying upon her Death-Bed, *Veronica*, after leave obtain'd from the Prioress, made it her earnest Request to *Liberata*, that when she was in the other World she wou'd prevail with Him who can do all things, to let her appear to her, and certify her of such Things wherein she (*Veronica*) might have offended his Divine Majesty: As likewise, that she wou'd bring it about, that she (*Veronica*) might be the first that followed her, but that she wou'd give her a Month's warning, that she might prepare herself accordingly.

Liberata having promis'd to do all this, she gave up the Ghost on the 20th of *November*, 1487. Never were such extraordinary Symptoms as attended the dissolution of this Nun. Her Countenance was hideously deform'd: Her Eyes distorted: Her Tongue was mash'd between her Teeth, and gush'd forth in streams of Blood: Her Groaning was amazingly frightful: All her Limbs were in violent Convulsions, and her whole Body extreamly swell'd. After she had fetch'd her last Gasps, her Body reassum'd its wonted Figure and Aspect. The Nuns were deeply affected by such terrible Demonstrations, and began to despair for themselves, when so pious a Sister's departure bore such ill-boding Symptoms. But before three Days were over, *Liberata* appeared to *Veronica*, and told her, that by such and such Things she had given Offence to
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the Divine Majesty, but that by the Sacrament of Penance she had obtained Forgiveness: She bid her take more care for the future, and remember to speak to the Prioress to call a Chapter of the Nuns, and admonish them to forbear murmuring, to which they were too much addicted, and which was very displeasing to God. *Liberata* furthermore desir'd *Veronica*, to thank, in her behalf, the Nuns, for the great Benefit she had receiv'd from their endeavouring by Prayers to deliver her from the Flames of Purgatory. Then *Veronica* ask'd her what was the meaning of those frightful and unusual Tokens which accompanied her departure out of the World. To which the dead *Liberata* reply'd, That in that moment the Devil was urging her to deny her Saviour Christ, which occasion'd those Struglings and Disorders which she observ'd. Upon *Veronica*'s asking her whether she was happy, she answer'd *Yes*, and disappear'd.

In one of *Veronica*'s Visions she saw our Saviour coming to judge the World in Anger; but at the Request of the Virgin *Mary*, who beg'd him to defer it for one Year, he put it off, not only for one but many Years.

Whenever *Veronica* assisted at Mass, at the lifting up of the Host, she saw with her bodily Eyes, and out of a Rapture (*com seus olhos & fora de raptio*) Christ in the Form of a young Child, encompass'd by Angels. And upon the Chalice she beheld a very bright Light, but cou'd not so plainly discover what was in the midst of it.

Every

Every day of the Octaves of *Corpus Christi*, Anno 1489, *Veronica* assisting at the Divine Service, saw sensibly (*vid sensivemente*) in the Sacrary Christ under the Shape of a young Child, in white Garments, attended by numbers of Celestial Spirits. The Divine Infant amus'd himself, sometimes in dancing upon the Altar, sometimes in going in and out of the Doors of the Sacrary. This sort of Corporeal Vision the Author says was often repeated to *Veronica*. She sometimes saw, with her Corporeal Eyes, two Angels waving their Perfuming-pans during the Communion.

Christ, finding that he shou'd be wanting to himself, if he was wanting to his Spouse *Veronica*, resolv'd to teach her to read the Psalter; and he not only taught her to read it, but likewise to understand all the most difficult Parts of it better than many Doctors of the Church, who rack their Wits to find out the meaning of some things in it. Eight days was an Angel in *Veronica's* Cell, teaching her to pray after the manner of the *Roman* Ritual; he likewise pray'd with her, and repeated the Versicles of the Psalms, singing alternately, as in Cathedral Churches. After which he went back to Heaven.

Veronica affirm'd that the Angel came with so much Resplendency, as dissipated the darkest Night. He was adorn'd with a Stole hanging from his Neck, and two Wings at his Back, as we see Angels usually painted. On high Days he was drest finer than ordinary, especially about the Wings, to shew that on such Days our Thoughts ought

ought to be more elevated than ordinary, after the Example of those Celestial Courtiers.

Once when *Veronica* was forc'd to keep within her Cell, by reason of the Wounds and Bruises which the Devil had given her, an Angel came in the middle of the Night and pray'd with her. *Veronica* wou'd fain have kneel'd, but he wou'd not permit it, because of her Illness; and now and then he wou'd pause in praying, and say, Let us stop awhile here, Child, for I see you're in mighty Pain. And then he wou'd (after some Cessation) go on again. And this he often repeated when she was indisposed.

These Favours her Lover Jesus did not think were sufficient, and so resolv'd to confer greater. Accordingly after she was return'd from one of her Raptures, she found she cou'd repeat by heart the whole Breviary, which she cou'd not say a Word of before. This Christ communicated to her by Infusion. The rest of the Nuns saw evidently, that all these things were so many Miracles which God wrought in *Veronica*.

One day *Thaddea* went to *Veronica's* Cell, to pass away a little spare time according to Custom. She found the Door fasten'd, but after she had knock'd to no purpose, her Curiosity prompted her to look through a little Crevice. She saw a prodigious Brightness within the Cell, and *Veronica* walking about and singing with an exalted Voice and so harmoniously, that had she not seen her she could not have believed it. A modest Chearfulness overspread *Veronica's* Countenance, and she was heard to say with a decent Smile,

My

My God, I can't say that. After a short stop she proceeded to the end. Then the Light forsook the Place. *Veronica* open'd the Door, and *Thaddea* flew into her Arms. Among other Questions which *Thaddea* ask'd her, she enquir'd what she meant by saying *My God, I can't say that.* To which *Veronica* reply'd, that the Lord bad her recite some things which she cou'd not, and because she cou'd not, he himself taught her to do it. *Thaddea*, who was a watchful Observer of all *Veronica's* Actions, affirm'd that often when *Veronica* was in an Extasy, she saw her Cell fill'd with a burning Light, but never more visibly and distinctly than now, when she saw her walking about the Room with our Lord the King of Glory.

On the Eve of our Lord's Resurrection 1495, *Veronica* skulk'd into a corner of the Church to perform her Devotions: She cou'd sing as well as any of the other Nuns, but she did not care to shew it. So soon as the last Psalm was over, the Angel that us'd to appear to her on high days, came and bid her repair to her Cell. She did so, and found it fill'd with an extraordinary Light, and in it the Son of God waiting for her coming, attended by crowds of Angels. This she saw with her Eyes of Flesh, and was instantly raised up to the Roof of the Cell. For 'twas impossible for her to continue on Earth, who had all Heaven in her Cell. Our Lord commanded her to sing the Anthem, beginning with *Regina Cæli, lætare, allelujah, &c.* *Veronica's* singing was entirely to the Satisfaction of him that heard her.

As the Instructions of such Masters could not but produce wonderful Effects in such a Pupil as *Veronica*, she compos'd a Book which surpass'd all Admiration. It was indited by an Angel. God was willing to shew the World that what *Veronica* wrote was dictated by Heaven. The Holy Evangelists wrote what the Holy-Ghost indited, to the end that the World might adore the Holy-Ghost in the Pen of the Evangelists. *Veronica* wrote what the Spirit of Heaven indited, to the end the World might venerate the Spirit of Heaven in the Pen of *Veronica*. The Book is missing. God, 'tis like, withdrew it from the Eyes of the World which was not worthy of it. 'Twas written with a Pen of Gold brought her by an Angel. The holy Virgin, in recompence for *Veronica's* Trouble in writing the said Book, sent her by an Angel a Present of a Palm-branch, which is still kept in the Monastery, together with the Golden-Pen. *Isidore de Iffolanis* affirms he had both seen and touch'd them.

Veronica was once led by an Angel to see the pains of Purgatory. Those that were condemn'd to Hell, and those that were purify'd in Purgatory, were in different Places; but suffer'd equal Pains. Various were the Punishments according to the diversity of the Crimes. The Angel said to *Veronica*; Dost see, Child, what Punishments these are? those Men and Women whom you see there are chastis'd for their Disobedience to their Spiritual Superiors, especially to their Father Confessor. The Majesty of God is offended with no Crime so much as that. Here amidst the Horror and Anguish

guish of these Flames are those purify'd, who had the good Fortune to regain their God by means of the Sacrament of Confession. The final Determination of these Pains is in the Disposition of the supreme Providence. Masses, Prayers and Alms may facilitate it. You see how enormous a Sin it is to murmur: Such a Sin as without the intervening Grace of the Sacrament of Penance wou'd doubtless be damnable.

In another Rapture Christ took *Veronica* by the Hand, and led her to see the Punishments of the Damn'd in Hell. The first Prison she saw was a dreadful deep Hole. *This*, said our Lord to *Veronica*, *is the miserable Place where the Princes and Potentates of the Earth are eternally punish'd for their Crimes. That other immense Cavity is for such other People as were so proud and vain as to despise true Riches, namely those of Heaven: The third Prison is for Usurers.* Of these *Veronica* said there were so great a Number, that she thought it was impossible there shou'd be so many Men in the World. Next was the Place for the Poor: These were fewer in Number than any other. In another Place she saw the Souls of Ecclesiasticks in most exquisite Torture. *These*, said Christ to *Veronica*, *are those who professing a Religious Life, forgot the Duties of their Calling and neglected their own Salvation; not considering how much more was expected from them than others.*

Veronica observ'd that when our Saviour spoke this, he shew'd more than ordinary Concern, as did likewise the Angels that stood by and heard him.

him. *Veronica* was led to many other Places of the Infernal Regions.

After this, Christ said he wou'd shew her the Felicity which was laid up for the Nuns of her Monastery, and others of the Elect. Then *Veronica* saw innumerable Classes of beatify'd Saints according to the Diversity of their Merits. The chief were the Pastors and Prelates of the Church. She observ'd likewise that such as had enter'd upon a Religious Life voluntarily, were more happy than they who did it upon Compulsion. The married People's Felicity was short of what They enjoy'd who dy'd unmarried.



BOOK II.

Containing all the Visions of Veronica, relating to the Mysteries of Christ's whole Life, and the Solemnities of the Saints.

AS our Saviour had promised *Veronica* to let her see how the Feasts and Fasts of the Church were celebrated in Heaven by the Angels upon their proper Days; So she was all this Year taken up into Glory every Holiday, with an Angel to attend her, and to explain to her what she saw. She not only beheld the Celebration of those Holidays, but saw the Actions which gave occasion to them, repeated over again.

On the Feast of the Annunciation, she saw the Angel *Gabriel* appear to the Virgin *Mary*, and give her the Salutation which we find in the Scripture; but, besides that, he further told the Holy Mother all the Mysteries of the Passion, and all the Actions of our Lord's Life, before she conceived him; "tho' by the special Direction of Heaven, the Evangelists omit to take Notice of it." *Veronica* observed, that the blessed Virgin was extremely young, and had a mighty childish Look.

On the Day of the Nativity of our Saviour, *Veronica* saw *Joseph* run out in haste to fetch some Women to assist at the blessed Virgin's Labour, and soon after return with three;
but

but before they came, she was deliver'd: The Women, seeing the Stable fill'd with Glory, were afraid to come in; but upon *Joseph's* Encouragement, two of them did at last venture to approach and worship. The third, who continued prostrate on the Threshold, cry'd out, *I cannot believe what I hear, unless I see it with my Eyes.* So she went in, and approaching nearer to our Lady, was going to stretch out her Hand, but on a sudden it wither'd, and was dry'd up with inexpressible Pain. Upon her shrieking, an Angel came and bade her beg Pardon of our Lady, and touch the young Child, and she should be healed. She did so, and was instantly made well again. This Miracle too is omitted in the Gospel; as likewise, that the Sheep follow'd the Shepherds, who being in the Field were directed by an Angel to go worship the new-born Child.

In one of *Veronica's* Extasies, the Angel discover'd to her many things, which happen'd in the World the Night Christ was born; namely, That in *Rome* there flow'd a Fountain with plentiful Streams of Oil; a certain Temple fell miraculously to the Ground; a little Bird spoke with the Voice of a humane Creature; and other things, which the World knows nothing of, and which (said *Veronica*) are become venerable for being kept in Silence.

Veronica's Angel led her one Day to a Church extremely magnificent: Near to the Altar

Altar she saw a Priest richly dress'd; in his Mien, divine; in his Habit, as one that was going to celebrate Mass. *Veronica* was struck with Astonishment at so great a Number of Angels attending, and assisting in the Service. But her Admiration was remov'd by the Angel, who told her, that That was the Chief Priest Christ, who was vested for saying Mass. It is impossible, said *Veronica*, to express the Lustre of the Robes of the ministering God: His Amice was all over set with Sapphires cross-wise; his Stole and Maniple were no less rich. The Pyx, wrought with Gold and precious Stones, cast forth an unsufferable Brightness. The Deacons, and Sub-Deacons, who attended the Ministry, were very gloriously attir'd, and with equal Costliness, tho' distinctly contriv'd. The Ornaments of these two Classes of Ministers were of different Colours; the first being White, the others Purple.

Of these Deacons, six waisted in their Hands the golden Censers, which from the beginning of Mass to the end, scatter'd abroad exhaling Frankincense. And it is to be remember'd, that notwithstanding these Angels were dress'd in ministerial Habits, like officiating Priests at an Altar, yet there appear'd upon them all the Marks and all the Splendor of their angelick Nature likewise. And now began the Choir of Angels to sing the *Introitus*; but who can relate (said *Veronica*) the Voice of the King of Glory, chanting forth, like a Priest,

Priest, the Service of the Mass? Unutterably sweet it infus'd the Bliss of those above: His Harmony regal'd the whole celestial Court; and even the very Angels were suspended in Rapture at his Melodiousness. If he sang the Epistle so very agreeably, judge what it was when he came to the Gospel. Whilst the High-Priest, Christ, was saying the *Orisons* before the *Preface*, *Veronica* saw two Angels distributing Wax-Candles among the People that were in the Church; and at the same time, two other Angels spread a most sumptuous Cloth before the Altar, to receive the Offerings. So soon as our Lord was turn'd towards the Assembly, immediately the most holy Virgin, accompany'd by two grave and beauteous Women, went up to offer to her Sovereign Son a Wax-Candle; and having given it, she kiss'd his Hand: The same did the two that were with her; and after them, the Ministers of the Altar did the like, and last of all, the Common People that were present. *Veronica* greatly desir'd to enter with her Offering; but our Saviour proceeded to bless the People, and so *Veronica's* Extasy ended. Her not being honour'd (like the rest) with a Kiss of her beloved Lord's Hand, she attributed to her Sinfulness, which render'd her unworthy thereof. After this her Senses were overtaken by Sleep, during which her Spouse alleviated her Trouble, with mighty Conso-lations of Spirit. What further pass'd therein, *Veronica* did not say.

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On the Night succeeding the Day of *Epiphany*, the Spirit of *Veronica* was led by an Angel to a House, wherein were the most pure Wife and holy *Joseph*. There *Veronica* saw an Angel in a Dream, bidding *Joseph* flee into *Egypt*. The Saint instantly arose, and put our Lady and the Child upon a young Ass; and three others he loaded with Household-Goods and Provisions for the Journey. With three Maid Servants, and some Men-Servants, and a Cow, which the holy Spouse led, they departed with all Diligence: They took their way thro' a secret Path of a Wood, which the Angel directed them. *Veronica* for she made one in this holy Company, went on when they went on, and stop'd as they stop'd, hearing all they said, and seeing all they did.

Being come into the thickest Part of the Wood, they saw many and various wild Beasts making towards them. Our Lady was somewhat afraid; but when the Beasts were near them, they shew'd by their Tameness that they were only come out of respect to pay their Acknowledgments to their Creator. Accordingly they worship'd (their way) the young Child Christ; and after testifying great Joy, they return'd from whence they came. Our Lady diverted the Journey with conversing with *Veronica*. She made known to her the mighty Secrets of Heaven; but oblig'd her to keep them to her self. *Veronica* took Notice that our Lady was several times

uneasy at the Length of the Way. It was sultry Weather, and they began to want Provisions: They fate them down beneath a Palm-tree, and *Veronica* observ'd that one particular Branch of it bow'd it self down from the top as if it wanted to look upon the young Child. Here a Fountain of clear Water suddenly sprang up, and the Company slak'd their burning Thirst: They also laid in some for the rest of their Journey. Our Lady, after she had rested some time, and by a short Slumber eas'd her Fatigue, set about washing some of the Child's Cloaths. After this, when a fitting Opportunity offer'd, they pack'd up what little Stores they had, and prosecuted their Journey, till, after some time, they came to a large spreading Tree; our Lady begg'd the holy Spouse to tarry a short Space to refresh themselves, for the Sun shone excessively hot. The holy Man did so; dismounted, and repos'd. And here *Veronica* awoke from her Rapture, no less tir'd than if her Body had travell'd as far as her Spirit had.

As the Day open'd, so open'd *Veronica* into another Extasy. She found our Lady and the rest of the Company in the same Place where she left them as if they had staid for *Veronica*. They continu'd travelling, so did *Veronica* close by the Side of our Lady, who by talking to her made the Journey seem less tedious. The Virgin Mother's Words were deep ingrav'd in *Veronica*'s Soul, and she receiv'd from them much spiritual Refreshment. She

She gave no Answer to any thing, because (as she confess'd) she felt in her self an Impossibility to answer. In passing further on, they came to a House belonging to some Robbers; but they had deserted it, because a great Multitude of wild Beasts had frighten'd them from it, and oblig'd them to seek their Safety by climbing up the Trees. There remain'd but one on the Ground, and he entertain'd this whole Family with great Hospitality. St. Joseph begg'd the Fugitives to return to their House; but they would not: Upon this, *Veronica's* Rapture was superseded.

Of all that our Lady had said to her, she only remember'd these Words, *You see, Daughter, what Difficulties we pass thro'; but may my Tribulations be even greater yet! Know, Child after my own Heart, that the greatest Benefit God bestows on Mortals, is that which they earn at his Hands thro' the way of Affliction and Tribulation, as well corporal as spiritual.* *Veronica* said no more.

On the Sunday after the Octave of the *Epiphany*, *Veronica*, in one of her Extasies, beheld our Saviour baptized by St. *John*, and after he was baptiz'd, the Spirit of God descended upon him in the Figure of a Dove, and lighting upon his Head, parted the Hair thereof into the perfect Form of a Cross. *Veronica* observ'd, that this Dove talk'd with Christ, and at length took its Flight to Heaven again. What they discoursed together, *Veronica* said she heard plainly, and under-

stood throughly ; but did not at present remember it. Four Angels were present at the Baptism, and bore their Lord's Cloaths in their Arms ; and what else they invisibly did in the Service of their God, *Veronica* as clearly saw with her Eyes, as if they had sensibly done it. Our Saviour went up out of the Waters of *Jordan*, and the Angels help'd him on with his Cloaths ; and straitway the Baptist went into the River, and our Saviour baptiz'd him, as on purpose to return the Favour. Thus far went *Veronica's* Extasy, and then gave her Leisure to assist at Mass ; which done, she went with the rest of the Nuns to Commons.

Before *Veronica* had ended her Commons, another Rapture began ; whether it was that Heaven was impatient till she came (as the Historian remarks) or whether it was to shew that Acts of Devotion supersede all natural Obligations, in them who live only to the Spirit. *Veronica*, destin'd for a far better Entertainment, found her self in a stately Hall ; there she saw a Table spread with Variety of Eatables. The Company were, Christ, our Lady, a Bridegroom, and a Bride, and many more. Christ gave his Blessing on the Meat, and was follow'd by Responses of the whole Assembly, with Prayers in Form, such as are practis'd in Religious Communities. She presently saw our Saviour seat himself at the Head of the Table in a Chair : Our Lady took her Place
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on his right Hand, and next to our Lady the Bride. On our Lord's left sat the Bridegroom, and next to him the Guests in order. *Veronica* fix'd herself at the end of the Table, together with the Angel her Guide: and from thence they saw every thing that passed. *Veronica*, in relating this Occurrence, said, our Saviour was in a very remarkable Habit, and his Head was dress'd extremely fine: but did not declare how. Our Lord was in White, and the New-marry'd Couple in Red.

The Servants who waited at Table were five, Two whereof brought in the Dishes, and other two set them before the Guests: the fifth, was the Governour of the Feast or Steward. This last, tho' his Charge extended over every thing, took particular care of the Wine. Among the Provisions was great variety of Butcher's Meat: the Cook had exerted his Art in a more especial manner upon the Roast. Our Saviour divided the Loaf with his Hand, as dextrously as others do with a Knife. The Banquet continuing a good space, and the Wine all gone, our Lady told Christ they wanted Wine. Upon which our Lord turn'd all the Water into Wine, which *Veronica* observed to be a very deep Red.

The first Course being clear'd, *Veronica* saw the second come in: it consisted of sundry sorts of Sweet-Meats, serv'd up in Dishes made indeed of Wood, but wonderfully well fashioned, and of most exquisite Workmanship. At the close of the Feast, several Musical

fical Instruments struck up, and made a most melodious Consort. *Veronica* affirm'd she felt an excessive delight in hearing it, and it was so extremely chearing to the Soul that such Musick could be no where but in Heaven. But the presence of the King of Heaven made every thing supernaturally gay and lively.

Veronica coming again to herself, found the Nuns still in the Refectory or Dining-Room: They desiring her to give them some Account how she was employ'd in her so delightful Lethargy, *Veronica* (according to custom) was very backward to communicate any thing: because the good things of Heaven, as their Centre is only in the Soul, so they re-concentrate with the Soul alone. Whether it was the Candour of her natural simplicity that sometimes threw her off her guard, or whether it was the Abbess's Command that oblig'd her to declare it; she at length drew forth from the most vital part of her Heart that which her Heart solely liv'd upon, and Related what we have Related.

On the First *Sunday* in *Lent* *Veronica* receiv'd the Communion. It is by this time plain, that she could not stay long from Heaven, who seem'd to tarry on Earth only on *Parole* as it were: especially being to unite her blessed Soul to a Spouse who so much loved to have her to himself. Her Angel carry'd her to a vast and dreadful Wilderness. Seven Hours she continu'd in this Solitude:

litude: a short space to one that lov'd Solitude so much, and shorter still to one that took delight in seeing her Spouse. She saw him here; but he was almost spent, and his Look was very pale and wan: his very Cloaths were almost worn away and perisht. The Angel said to *Veronica*: *He whom thou seest coming towards us in the shape of a humane Creature, is the Devil, the declar'd and common Enemy of Mankind.*

This counterfeit Man, (apparell'd like a Hermit and looking as demure as the austere Penitent) came forward, bearing in his lap a quantity of Stones. These he threw at Christ's Feet, and said: *I see, Lord, that You are almost perisht with hunger. If your power be such as is that of the Son of God, Command that these Stones be made Bread.* But Christ answer'd, *That Bread alone was not the sustenance of Man; but the Word of God's Mouth.* After many fruitless Temptations the Devil left our Saviour, and in leaving him made a most horrible noise and clutter, insomuch that the whole Mountain was turn'd into a fiery Vulcanoe, and seem'd to be overwhelm'd and sinking in its own Ruins.

And straightway Christ found himself surrounded and assisted by Angels. He departed to a place that was cool and most deliciously pleasant; what place it was *Veronica* could not conceive; the Angels, very gallantly drest, came and brought two Fishes, and ministred
unto

unto him as to their Lord God. They likewise entertain'd him with variety of Musick: such Musick (said *Veronica*,) that it would poze the sublimest Wit to find Words to exprefs. Then she saw them prepare a Table, and bring Loaves of the whitest Bread. Christ all the while employ'd himself in talking at large with *Veronica*, and thereby eas'd his harrafs'd Soul, and crown'd the Trophies of his Victories. This was *Veronica's* Extasy on this Day.

On others, *Veronica* saw the Glories of the Transfiguration of Mount *Tabor*: the restoring sight to a blind Man: the Resurrection of *Lazarus*. Other Extasies she likewise had which we omit, because they discover'd nothing of especial Importance, nor more than what we find in Scripture, says the Author.

On the *Friday* of the Week immediately preceding *Palm-Sunday*, *Veronica* was transported by an Angel to a place where she found Christ proposing the Parable or Comparison of the Five Talents, which likewise *Veronica* heard. There was a very numerous Company, Men and Women, list'ning to the Master of Angels and Lord of Glory.

In the midst of this Concourse, *Veronica* saw sitting in a more conspicuous place a certain Woman, who by her loose Dress discover'd what profession she was of. The rowling of her Eye, and motions of her Head, spoke the lightness of her Heart, and all together

together the Perdition of her Soul. Before our Saviour had made an end of applying his Parable, he cry'd aloud: *O Soul overwhelm'd with the pressure of thy Sins! O Soul, that hast bury'd in the Earth the Talent which thy Lord hath put into thy Hands: the weight of thine Iniquities like a great Stone sinking thee down; O think of seeking for a remedy in me who am ready to receive thee within the Arms of my Mercy.* Magdalen, changing the lasciviousness of her look, fix'd her Eyes upon our Lord in a very different manner from what she was wont to do on others. Our Lord, either by way of reprehension, or to render his Conquest the more effectual, darted his Eyes on her in so severe and piercing a manner, that the Woman presently came down from her place, cast herself on the Floor, discharging from the Sluices of her Eyes two Seas of Water; and from her Heart a Thousand burning Sighs: and manifested an utter dislike and contempt of her Finery: making to every one a fervent Abjuration of her course of Life, and consuming her Sins as it were in a Bone-fire lighted up by the Sighings of her Heart.

Martha pickt up her Things, to preserve them as Trophies of Victory, as well as Warning-pieces to others. She undid the Attire of her Head, the Hair whereof had so ruinously fetter'd and held fast so many Souls as in a Net. Such an unexpected and resolute Change drew the Eyes and Admi-

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ration of all that were present. The Redeemer having finish'd his Sermon, and being exceedingly fatigued, he repair'd to the House of *Simon* the Leper; who having invited him to Dinner, our Saviour very courteously and graciously accepted thereof. *Magdalen* retir'd to her Sister *Martha's* House; *Veronica* follow'd her. There she saw her shut herself up in a private Apartment, and diluting with deluges of briny Tears that Heart which she before suffer'd to be scorcht up with the Fire of the Flesh. She was the more earnest therein, either to wash away so many Stains or to extinguish such a sinful Fire.

Mean while *Martha* was taken up in the common Affairs of her Family, being assisted by her Servant-Maid *Marcella*. *Martha's* Heart leapt within her for joy of her Sister's being brought into the way that leads to a better Life: into which no less than Life and Truth itself had conducted her so beneficially. *Magdalen's* compunction had no end nor respite: She thought it highly concern'd her to return to the Fountain of Life which she so ardently thirsted after. She set herself to inquire for and find out the Author of her Melioration, because it was to him she ow'd her being and continuing to be a New Creature. Being inform'd that our Lord was gone to *Simon* the Leper's House, she took a Vessel of precious Ointment and went thither. She enter'd into the House (all which

Veronica

Veronica took great Notice of) and approaching to her Restorer with all the Respects of one highly oblig'd, and trusting in his Love, she in the first place apply'd the Ointment to his Head, and then to his Feet, being desirous that from Head to Foot he might (for that Price) become wholly hers, who on purpose to make her his had stuck at no Price. The Fragancy and Odour throughout the whole House was a good Testimony of the preciousness of this Action.

Our Saviour had not yet recover'd himself from his fatigue, so much does the gaining one Soul cost him. *Simon* kept his Eyes upon what *Magdalen* was doing. The new Convert mostly bestow'd her Care in demonstrations of her Affections upon the *Feet* of the Redeemer, thereby to humiliate her Thoughts which us'd to run so much upon the *Head* of the World, (the *Article* of the World; 'tis a Pun in the Original.) Here she added to the Value of the Ointment that of her Tears. *Magdalen* wept, and with her Tears wash'd the Feet of Jesus now wholly hers. She wept, and with her Hair dry'd his Feet: her dishevel'd Hair, to make the Sacrifice the more compleat. In proportion as her Soul dissolved itself in floods of Tears, *Veronica* heard her Heart by the medium of her Tongue make a full Confession of every Sin she had been guilty of. She confest every thing, that a Remedy might be apply'd to every thing.

Veronica said, that *Magdalen* confest all her Faults and Back-slidings, specifying all and every the Circumstances, in the same manner with those who confess Sacramentally. After she had so done, she fell into an Exclamation : *O fortunate me in having such a Brother ! who by having given occasion and induction to the way I'm in, snatch'd me from the Jaws of Hell wherein my dissolute Life had cast me. O loving Sister, who with so much careful watching didst study my Salvation, and with so much mildness didst bear the Affronts which I cast both on thee and thy Reproving's ! O how often have I with a proud licentious air said to thee, Prithee do thou live as thou wilt, and follow the heels of thy Prophet ; and let me live as I please, and follow my pleasure ! But, O thou supreme Lord and Father of all Mercy, pardon a miserable Sinner the horror of so many Sins ! Mercy, O my God, Mercy ! grant thy Forgiveness to a Wretch who shut the door of her Soul against the Admonitions of so godly a Sister, to open a way to the dissoluteness of my Desires, which so violently and blindly hurry'd me away !*

Our Lord Jesus kept silence, thereby shewing his acceptance of that Penance ; as he did by his aspect the Compassion he took of her Tears. With very different Eyes *Simon* the Leper observ'd *Magdalen's* Occupations. His Face shew'd the untoward surmising of his Heart. Christ perceiv'd as much ; and he set forth to him that Parable of the two Debtors

tors and the Creditor: And after many Questions and Answers had passed between them, the Divine Master turning to *Magdalen*, said to her, *I forgive thee all thy Sins, go in peace.* Then raising her up, he gave her his Blessing. *Magdalen* judging the Favour to exceed her Deserts, and the Pardon greater than her Sins admitted of, fell into a new fit of weeping. Her Sister *Martha* all the while thought that *Magdalen* was lock'd up in her Closet. She went to call her, but not finding her there, she bethought herself of going to *Simon* the Leper, who was her next-door Neighbour. There being inform'd concerning the cause of such continued and abundant weeping, she rejoyc'd with the greater Joy, in proportion as her Sister's Conversion advanced. *Veronica's* Extasie stopt, and with the Extasie, all that she had been seeing, disappear'd.

On the Night of *Palm-Sunday*, the Angel stole *Veronica* away, and carry'd her to the City of *Jerusalem*. She found our Lord sitting upon a Colt. *Veronica* observ'd that the Disciples had made for him a sort of Saddle with their Garments. They accompany'd him on all sides, as in a ring. Our Lady, and the Sisters *Martha* and *Magdalen*, and other Women kept following, but at a distance. The City was all in motion, and the neighbouring People ran out together to know the cause of so sudden and so strange a Rejoycing. Then Christ intimating by his Tears what was in his Breast, said with Sorrow: *Ah, Jerusalem,*
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Jerusalem, if thou knewest what I now see, thou woud'st weep instead of me ! The anguish of those Tears reverberated in the Heart of our Lady ; for by the consonancy of two Hearts, what touches one moves the other. The Virgin wept, and the current of her Tears deriv'd itself upon the other Women : It flow'd more copiously in the Soul of *Magdalen*, because it met with a larger field there.

The Angel declar'd to *Veronica* the reason why the Entry of Christ met with such a different reception among the People : *Those*, said he, *which you see so exceedingly glad, are the Gentiles : The others who look so dissatisfy'd are the Hebrew People.* Moreover, the little Children, with Olive-branches in their Hands, did spread their Garments on the Pavement where our Saviour was to pass, and shouted, *Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.* *Veronica* affirm'd she saw the Palm-trees and Olive-trees, as Christ pass'd by, give signs of Adoration ; but that the Reeds or Canes did not bend themselves : That the Children, which were very numerous, might be about ten years old at the most ; tho' the generality of them were not so old.

The Angel was not long before he explain'd to *Veronica* the Mystery or Doctrine couch'd under this different Conduct which she remark'd in the Trees. *The Trees* (said he) *which bow'd themselves, represent those in whom the Grace of the Lord abideth. They*
always

always think meanest of themselves. They act and speak with Humbleness, not valuing the Applause of the World. They bow their Bodies with all Submission whenever the least mention is made of the Divine Majesty, or the least thing done tending to things Holy. As for the other, who in Levity and Stiffness resemble Canes or Reeds, they are the Proud, the Inflexible, the Vain, the Ambitious, the Admirers of earthly Vanities. Vain-glory is a Vice so odious to the Divine Majesty, that tho' they who are guilty of it cou'd work Miracles, yet would they never be pleasing to God. It is fit that Mortals shou'd this day cleanse their Consciences, that they may worthily receive the Branches which the Church this day distributes, to the end that the Branches which they bear in their Hands may bring forth Fruit in their Souls.

Our Lord being now come to the Street which leads to Solomon's Temple, he alighted, with the help of his Disciples. He went up into a high place ; from whence he preach'd a Sermon to the Crowd about him. When he had given over, he seem'd to be mighty weary and spent with Labour. *Martha* seeing this, and likewise knowing that he had eat nothing the whole day, and no body giving him an Invitation, she made way thro' the Press, and beg'd that he wou'd please to come with his Disciples and take some Refreshments at her House. The Lord courteously accepted the Offer. Then *Martha* hastid

hasted home, and in all diligence prepar'd a Supper, with the help of *Marcella*. Here the Angel promising *Veronica* that she shou'd see our Lord at Supper, she return'd again to her Senses.

It was now Noon-tide of *Palm-Sunday*, and *Veronica* enter'd, together with the rest of the Nuns, into the Refectory, for 'till then she had eaten nothing. Having, for Ceremony sake, taken some slight Repast, she went forth and made the best of her way to her Cell. She had hardly begun to pray, when she was taken up by a Rapture. It set her down in *Martha's* House. She saw our Saviour just as he was saying Grace before Meat. After this, she saw him take his place, as likewise our Lady; the Disciples all the while standing. Our Lady sate on Christ's right hand; next her, *Mary* the Mother of *James*, and *Mary* the Mother of *Salome*, and other Matrons. On Christ's left hand sate St. *John* the Evangelist; and *Magdalen* plac'd herself at her Saviour's Feet.

Veronica said that the Provisions were nice and delicate, but not a bit of Flesh or any thing made of Milk; just as the Church observes in time of *Lent*. Among those who were busy'd about the Service of the Table, *Martha* took most Pains, and seeing her Sister laid at Christ's Feet, she said, *Lord, are you not displeas'd to see my Sister leave all the Toil to me? Command her to come and help me.* Our Saviour smiling, said, *Martha, Martha, thou takest*

takest great pains, and art busy'd with many things; whereas there's but one thing necessary: Mary has made the better election, and she shall never lose it. *Martha* receiv'd this Answer with much chearfulness, being overjoy'd that our Lord was pleas'd to continue to her Sister the benefit of her Conversion. With this fresh Obligation she apply'd herself with greater Fervency to the Ministry she was employ'd in. Supper being ended, our Saviour began to return Thanks, and was seconded by all the rest. *Veronica* said, that after this our Saviour took her aside, and enter'd into conversation with her; during which, he o-ther Disciples sat down to eat: For none of 'em all, but the Evangelist, sat with our Lord at Supper.

What Christ said to *Veronica* was this, *Many times, Child, hast thou, in times past, put up thy Prayers to me for the Nuns thy Sisters: But tell them from me, (especially those who are concern'd in the Musick) that they are very remiss and indevout. They give a loose to Hatred and Spitefulness, and are cold and faint in the performance of their Duty. They are ne'er the better for Reproof; 'tis all lost upon 'em, and they go on in doing amiss. Let them know, that the Quire is a place set apart for my Praise, not for vain Thoughts. Tell them, that when they begin the Psalm, Benedicite omnia Opera Domini Domino, in the pause which divides the Verses, they shou'd remember that I am He whom they praise. So like-*

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wise in the Hymns and Psalms, Laudate Dominum de Coelis. Beati immaculati in via. Cum invocarem, exaudivit.

Our Saviour told *Veronica* of several other Psalms that were indecently sung, but of these he commanded her to say nothing.

Our Lord added, that she shou'd take care and not omit to impart to her Sisters these Admonitions ; and that they shou'd remain as a Document to all who shou'd hereafter take the Habit upon them ; and that each one in particular shou'd sing with a bolder and freer Voice : That they shou'd lay aside ev'n the least shadow of Enmity and Malice. *Veronica*, who knew that the Gifts of the good Spirit are Benefits from Heaven, said to our Lord, *Thou well knowest, Lord, that our Frailty can do nothing, unless thou givest the Power: Kindle their Hearts with the Flames of thy Love, and thou wilt soon have those that shall serve thee with Pleasure and Diligence. Thou say'st right* (reply'd Christ) *but it is necessary, O my Child, that they conquer themselves, and that their Will be not their Will. They have a good Lesson in my Sufferings. Let them always bear in mind the exceeding greatness of my Sorrow; the cruel painfulness of my Sores; the long continuance of my Troubles; and every thing will be easy to 'em.*

Many other things Christ said to *Veronica*, but was pleas'd to enjoin her Silence. The Extasy concluded, and *Veronica* found herself in her Senses just as the Convent were preparing for the first Vigils of the Night.

On that Night when Christ with extreme Love made his last Supper with the Disciples, *Veronica* went to Heaven ; and, by means of her Angel, to *Bethany*, to *Martha's* House. There she saw in a spacious Hall a Table plac'd, and Christ with our Lady sitting at it, without any other Person besides. They seem'd to *Veronica* to be engag'd in a secret Conversation, and particularly the Discourse between the Mother and Son turn'd upon the Passion of our Lord. The whole Endeavour of Christ was to desire her to arm her self with Patience against the Tempest that threatned ; and to alleviate the Sense of his Absence, with remembring, that his Death in *Jerusalem* was to redeem Mankind. But the Piety of that most loving Mother could afford no Relief to her Sorrow, but by expressing that Sorrow ; nor any Ease to her Heart, but in the Flowings of her Tears and the Vehemence of her Sighs. In her Tears she sought Power, and in her Exclamations Reasons, whereby to avert that Event.

On his side, the Redeemer of the World alledged for his Excuse the Oracles of Scripture, which could not be falsify'd ; Obedience to the Commands of the Eternal Father, to whom he was to be subject ; and the Reason which mov'd him to become her Son, and to take Flesh upon him. Our Lady seem'd to swoon away at every Word he spoke, and to suffer the Agonies of a Thousand Martyrdoms : Our Saviour succour'd her with his

Person, and with his Consolations. In these Colloquies they passed the whole Night; they passed it without touching any thing of the Supper that was on the Table: They arose from Table, and *Veronica* saw the most benign Son upon his Knees, begging his most holy Mother's last Blessing. The Mother beg'd the like of her Son, with equal Earnestness and Veneration: The tender Contest did not cease, till at last the Mother gave the Son her Blessing, and then the Son his to the Mother.

But in these Essays towards Parting, the Mother's Love reviv'd with so strong a Flame within her, that her Heart burst forth in this, or the like Expression; *Do not go, my Son, do not leave me.* The Cry was great, for the Breast whence it proceeded could be no narrow one, by its containing such gigantick Troubles. It was heard all over *Martha's* House, which echo'd back the dismal Sound. *Magdalen* ran in with the Wings of Love: she ask'd the Cause of such new Lamentations. Our Lady told her of her Son's going up to *Jerusalem*, where he was not only to dye but to dye a most barbarous Death.

Again *Magdalen* falls at the Feet of Christ thinking to stop his Way by her Cries and Entreaties: *O my loved and loving Master,* (said she;) *O my Lord, Will you go to Jerusalem? You may be sure the malevolent Jews will impiously lie in wait to destroy ye.* To which the Lord reply'd, that she might spare her Entreaties.

treaties, for that his Death was of much greater Importance, and the Obligation of his Departure no less. Our Lord paus'd a Moment, and then set forward. Now the Lamentations of the Virgin were louder than ever; she desir'd *Magdalen* that she would haste after her Master, and implore him to return. *Magdalen* follow'd Christ, and deliver'd her Message: He bade her go back, and assist our Lady with her Company and Consolations. *Magdalen* told the Virgin as she was order'd. If both the one and the other griev'd much before, they griev'd much more now. *Veronica* affirm'd, that what our Lady and *Magdalen* said to each other in their Affliction, she heard perfectly plain; and observ'd such a Paleness in our Lord's Face (when he departed) that it was extremely moving.

After *Veronica* had seen what passed in *Martha's* House, the Angel straitway led her to see our Saviour's Journey to *Jerusalem*; and tho' when he set out from *Martha's* House he was alone, now she found him attended by his Disciples.

All things being in readiness for the *Pass-over*, Christ sat down, and with him the Disciples. Supper being ended, our Lord arose, laid aside his Cloaths, girded a Towel about him, pour'd Water into a Basin, and began to wash his Disciples Feet, and to wipe them with the Towel which was round his Waste. When he came to *Peter*, that Apostle with great Humility and Admiration said

to

to him, *Lord, dost thou wash my Feet?* And then follow'd what is related by St. *John* in his Gospel. But *Veronica* observ'd that our Lord kiss'd the Feet of each of them, when they were wash'd; as likewise that the House where this was done, was wonderfully Magnificent. On one side was the Table they supp'd at; it was a square Table, and somewhat rais'd above the Pavement: On the other side were seen the Basins in which our Lord wash'd his Apostle's Feet.

Whilst Jesus was bearing the Cross thro' the Streets of *Jerusalem*, *Veronica* saw running in all haste the most holy Mother, bath'd no less in Tears, than her Son was in Blood: She was follow'd by *John*, and *Magdalen*, and other Women, her constant Companions in Grief. Our Lady endeavour'd by all means to get to her Son; but the Pharisees push'd her violently away. Then our Lady desir'd the Evangelist, that since he was acquainted with the Streets of the City, he would lead her some other way, whereby she might meet her beloved Jesus. The holy Evangelist did so; he carry'd our Lady and Company by another Street into a broad Place, where there was a Pillar. Here they took up their Standing. The Redeemer arriv'd with the Load of Sin which he did not commit; and casting his Eyes on his Mother, who now made towards him, said, *Now, dear Mother, my Torments are greatly encreased.* Then the Hearts of both uttering themselves only by Tears,

Tears, all that they could communicate to each other, was Embracings for the last time. Infomuch that from the four Fountains ran with equal Streams four Rivers, which losing themselves in a Sea of Tears, left it impossible to tell which were those of the Son, and which those of the Mother. Being busy'd with these Endearments, the Cross happen'd to fall to the Ground; a Man took it up, whilst our Lord was relieving himself in his Mother's Arms. The Ministers of Hell observing what pass'd, presently forc'd our Lord to continue his way with the Burthen. The Cross was return'd to him again: But his Strength growing less, as his Fatigue encreased, they oblig'd one *Simon* to bear the Cross for him. All this *Veronica* saw with greater Exactness than we write it.

The universal Redeemer went up Mount *Calvary*, encompass'd by that impious Crowd. On the Top of the Mountain they stript naked the Son of that Father who cloaths even the least Flower of the Field and of the Valley. When they took off his Rayment, it made his Sores bleed afresh, because the Coat next his Flesh had clung to and compassionately cover'd the Channels which the Scourgings he had receiv'd had plow'd up; but being pulled off forcibly, the Wounds cast forth new Rivers of Blood from Head to Foot. The most holy Mother saw all this; she took from off her Head the Veil she wore, and cover'd her Son therewith: He did not refuse

refuse it, coming from such a Hand, and in such Necessity. *Veronica* related, that the Cross being laid upon the Ground, our Lord was stretch'd upon it, giving his Arms not unwillingly to be nail'd thereon. The furious Blood-hounds seeing that his Hands would not reach to the Place where they design'd to nail them, they so cruelly pull'd them with a Rope, that they put his Shoulders out of Joynt; the same they did to his Feet, for the same Reason: The Hand which they first nail'd, was the Right Hand, then the Left. The whole with as much Violence and Bustle, as if they were nailing the Beam of a House, insomuch that his whole Body was dislocated.

With incredible Impiety they rear'd the Cross on which the Divine Body was now nail'd; and as they did it with great Haste, being impatient to see it up, the suddenness of the Motion did more violently strain his Hands and Feet, and caus'd a greater Pain in him, as was observ'd by the By-standers, and those who were employ'd about it. *Veronica* saw that when the Cross was rear'd quite up, they purposely let it fall again, to multiply the Sorrows of the pious Jesus. In raising it again, they order'd it so, that sometimes it sway'd to the right, sometimes to the left, thereby artfully to encrease his Pain, by the Nails tearing his Hands and Feet and dilating the Rupture thereof.

The Foot of the Cross was fix'd in its Place, and on the pendant Body were fix'd the Eyes of
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of the most pure Mother. She saw besmear'd all o'er with Blood that sacred Body to which she so immaculately gave Blood; she saw depriv'd of Strength that Substance to which she gave Life; she saw those Veins and Nerves loosen'd and unstrung, which she so miraculously form'd and united. Amid the flowing deluge of her Eyes she lifted up a Voice, which took its Rise rather from the Excess of Pain which she felt, than from any Life she had in her. *Alas, alas, my Son! This then was the secret Cause of the Conflict I had in my self to part with thee. This is what Simeon prophecy'd, when he said, The Sword which is hereafter to pierce this sacred Body, shall at the same time pierce thy Soul also: O most merciful Son, what sharp Pains does thy Body feel at the Top of the Cross, and my Soul at the Bottom!*

Veronica heard these Lamentations of the most holy Mother, and saw that excessive Grief pierc'd her to the Soul; *Magdalen* and the rest of her Companions gave her what Assistance they could. Our Lady fix'd her Eyes upon our Saviour's Face, and thereby perceiv'd, that he was revolving in his Mind what had been foretold by the Prophets; or seeking Reasons for his Sufferings, or complaining that they were too small. Thus our Lord continu'd till he gave up the Ghost.

Veronica said, that in spite of her continual Tears, she clearly saw all the Actions of our Saviour. In particular, she observ'd, that

the Crown of Thorns hindring our Lord from leaning his Head on the Cross, he bow'd it on his Bosom only: And that when our Lord intimated that he was a-thirst, our Lady's Trouble was mightily increas'd, since she could not relieve, with a little Water, the Thirst of Him whom she had nourish'd into Life with the Holy Milk from her Breasts. The last Hour being come, our Lord shifted his Gesture, and pour'd forth a flood of Tears, but said nothing further than what the Evangelists relate. Our Lady seeing Christ drawing his last Breath, said to him: *O my Son, my Son is agonizing, and speaks not one Word to comfort me!* Then our Lord said to her: *Woman, behold, he is thy Son that stands next thee:* Then turning his Eyes towards Saint John, he said to him: *Son, that is thy Mother.* Presently the most Holy Virgin cry'd out: *What a Farewell is this! what an Exchange is this, O my Son!* She cou'd say no more for weeping. At the same time a mortal paleness covering our Saviour's Face, he lifted up his Voice, and having said, *All is Finish'd*, he gave up the Ghost.

And now they were all filled with an additional Trouble and Uneasiness, how to take down the Sovereign Corps from the Cross: Because they had no other Remedy or Succour than that of Wailing and Lamenting, which increas'd the more upon the apparent impossibility of effecting what they desired to do. They look'd up to our Lord, and with their Eyes imbib'd fresh matter of repeated Torment: For the sight of his Body,

in that Condition, gave new Fewel to their Desires of taking it down. *Joseph* and *Nicodemus* were now coming towards them. At first Sight of them afar off, our Lady conceiv'd great fear: Perhaps thro' an apprehension that she was to undergo further anguish from some new exercise of Cruelty upon the Dead Body. But when they came nearer, and she knew them, she exchanged her Dread for some little Comfort: Expecting from them the thing her Soul panted after.

They were cover'd with Mourning Cloaks, and by their Habit and Sobblings demonstrated, they mourned no less in their Hearts. Coming up to our Lady, they saluted her with due Respect, and then did the like to the Evangelist. They spoke no other Language but that of the Eyes, brimful of Tears, and were answer'd with the same. They then paid their Adorations to the Lord of Life, whom they beheld Dead: the Supreme Majesty on a shameful Cross. They survey'd with their Eyes the State of that Sacred *Cadaver*, and in every part thereof met with such ample matter for their Tears, they seem'd rather come to Weep than Bury. They rear'd two tall Ladders: They went up: *Nicodemus* drew the Nails, while *Joseph* sustained the Body. They brought it down, and put it into the Arms of the afflicted Mother, who, for her last Consolation, had desir'd it should be so. She so strain'd him to her Face, that it look'd as if communicating her Soul to him, by her flowing Tears and burning Sighs, she meant to recal in him the Life which she once gave him, and

which he had been robb'd of by Ingratitude and obstinate Impiety. The multiplied Pains which she felt, in examining each part of the Body, did just suffer her to Articulate these Words, and no more: *Son, Son, Son*. The perturbations of her splinter'd Heart were so great, that she was quite lost to Reason, and began to talk as if she were Wild. Among all that were there present, nothing pass'd but Sobs, Tears, and Sighs. With these they utter'd themselves, and with these convers'd together: While from the reverberating Hills Ecchoe returned the Plaintive Sounds.

Our Lady cou'd not a long time be prevail'd on to un-glue her self from her Dead Son: Either promising herself that she should give him new Life with her repeated Breath, or else desiring to be her self his Sepulchre, considering, that she being now almost *Petrify'd* with Grief, might serve well enough for a Tomb-stone. At length she yielded to the Intreaties of that Evangelist, whom our Lord had appointed to be as a Son to her: A Son, very like the other in Love, tho' not in Substance. Having laid the Body in the Tomb, they shut the Door of the Sepulchre, and left, beneath a hard Stone, Him who gave Laws to Nature's self and had softned the very Rocks with Compassion. The last that departed from the Place was our Lady, accompanied by the Evangelist. While our Lady and Company were going home, *Veronica's* Angel carry'd her to see *Solomon's* Temple.

When she had seen the Temple, the Angel guided *Veronica* to the *Limbo* of the Ancient Fathers:

thers: where the Soul of Christ was then descended. Here *Veronica* saw the Soul of the Redeemer ransom those Holy Souls: And straitway she was restor'd to her Senses.

Before *Veronica* went to *Limbo*, she perambulated the places of the Holy Land, where Christ had suffer'd. They remain'd so fresh in her Memory, that she afterwards gave as distinct an Account of them, as if she had beheld them with her Bodily Eyes. And as for the Mysteries of the Passion, which we here with so much Brevity relate, *Veronica* saw them on three several Nights, of a *Wednesday*, a *Friday*, and a *Saturday*. And it is a thing that claims no small Admiration, that thro' the course of a whole Year, on every *Friday*, *Veronica* saw only three Mysteries of the Passion, viz. The seizure of Christ in the Garden: The Scourgings at the Pillar: And his nailing to the Cross. And on every *Friday* of the Month of *March*, of the same Year, she saw all the Circumstances of the Passion, as they followed in order. She said that the Lord Jesus told her, that he having suffer'd Crucifixion on a *Friday* in *March*, he wou'd have it remain uncertain which *Friday* it was, to the end that Mortals might revere every one of those Days of this Month, in Adoration and Remembrance of what he had suffer'd for them on the like Day.

The Day on which Christ by his Resurrection triumph'd over Death, *Veronica* being refresh'd with the Sacrament of Life, went straitway to Heaven. Her other Extasies us'd to begin in the Night-

Night-time: This came upon her by Day, and lasted till Dinner-time. Peradventure the time was chang'd, because as the Earth was enlighten'd with a new Sun, so was the Heavens no less with a new Star. *Veronica*, under the guidance of her Angel, prosecuted her Journey to Mount *Sion*; where she enter'd into the House in which our Lady was retir'd. The Sorrow of the Virgin still melted her Heart into Tears. Soon after this, *Magdalen* beg'd leave of our Lady to go to the Sepulchre. She was no sooner gone, but the Virgin felt in her self an-unlook'd for inward Joy: But neither was it so little, or so inward, but that it gave clear Tokens of it self externally. The Effects of it were manifest in the Face, that natural Mirror of the Heart:

Christ being risen, he dress'd himself with the glittering Beams of the Sun (to shew the King) and with the whitest Equipage (to shew the Redeemer), and thus he repair'd to the House of the Queen of Angels, and his Mother. Soon as ever our Lady beheld him, she ran to receive him. After joyful Salutations, they signify'd, by their fond Embracings, the Life and Pleasure, to which they were both revived. *Veronica* now perceiv'd, that the Chearfulness which our Lady had shewn at *Magdalen's* departure, was the fore-runner of this Event. But presently being carried away by the Angel, she follow'd the steps of *Magdalen*, who was making all the haste she cou'd to the Tomb of Christ. Here she saw what the Holy Evangelists relate concerning *Magdalen* in the Sepulchre: The Appearance of
Christ

Christ like a Gardener: His shewing himself to the Apostles: His travelling with two of them towards *Emmaus*. Every thing that Christ said to the Disciples and the Women, she perfectly well heard and perceiv'd; and also what pass'd between the said Disciples and Women: And what he said to the four Women, whom he appear'd to, and whose Names the Angel kept undiscover'd.

It must not be forgot, that on every *Sunday* for a whole Year, our Lord us'd at times to discover to *Veronica*, the Mysteries which appertain'd purely to his Resurrection, and likewise said to her these Words, *Know, my Child, that whatever shall be ask'd of me for the sake of my Resurrection, and on a Sunday, I will infallibly grant, so far forth as is convenient for the Soul for whom the Prayer is put up: And I will have the Form of it to be this: O Lord, for the sake of thy most Holy Resurrection, grant me such or such a thing: If it be thy Will, and convenient for my Salvation.*

On the Day of his Ascension, the Divine Lover did not care to go and leave *Veronica* behind: Nor cou'd she suffer him to go to that new Heaven, and she not with him. She put herself amidst the Host of Angels: And because Christ ascended, so did she, by means of the attractive Love of Christ, who was her Loadstone. *Veronica* said, it was Glorious to behold, in each Celestial Orb, a Legion of Angels in Chorus meeting our Saviour with most ravishing Musick: the Words whereof were made in Heaven, the Tune
by

by Angels, and the occasion no less than the Entry of a Triumphant God. Others of 'em were busy'd in spreading abroad the Exhalations of Frankincense, and other most grateful Aromatics: That every the least Circumstance of their Rejoycing might appear, and the Festival be compleat.

Our Lord enter'd the Supreme or Empyrean Heaven. *Veronica* saw the Eternal Father and the Holy Ghost go forth as to receive him. In the highest part of this Heaven there was a more Conspicuous Seat than the rest, adorn'd with the utmost Cost and Perfection, plac'd on the Right-hand of the Sovereign Father. Here the Son of God sat him down. In this Extasy *Veronica* saw all the *Three Persons*, and said, that this Mystery was represented to her in such a manner, that (from what she saw) she had a most perfect Conception of the Nature of the Trinity. *Veronica* continued in the Exercise of these Mysteries till eleven at Night.

On the Day of *Pentecost*, or the Feast of the Holy Ghost, *Veronica's* Spirit was taken up into the highest Heavens. What was there exhibited to the View of this Favourite of God, was, Christ kneeling before the Eternal Father: telling him, that He well knew, when he was below upon the Earth, he had promis'd his most Holy Mother, and beloved Disciples, that he would send the Holy Ghost to comfort them. That that Day seem'd to him to be a proper Day for such Mission: And desiring it might be on that Day. To which, *Veronica* heard the Supreme

preme Father make this Answer: That he had put all Things into his Hand, as into the Hands of a Son whom he much loved: That he might send down the Holy Ghost whenever he thought fit. Here *Veronica's* Senses came back again to Earth.

This Morning she followed her usual Exercise of the Earth: For thus God and *Veronica* divided the Exercise; when Christ was in Heaven, *Veronica* was with God; and when *Veronica* was upon the Earth, God was with *Veronica*. She sought him out by means of Prayer, in which she was employ'd till the time of Communion. After Communion, she presently found herself abstracted from the Earth, spiritually transubstantiated into the Bread of Heaven. Her Angel conducted her into a spacious Hall, which yet seem'd too little for containing the Multitude that was in it. Among them was the most holy Mother; all the Apostles, the two Sisters *Martha* and *Magdalen*, and the Handmaid *Marcella*, and many more of both Sexes, who were brought thither with Intention to Pray, and detain'd there with the Continuance of it.

Veronica herself on every Pentecost day after this, us'd to burn as it were with Flames of Fire, like that of the cloven Tongues. It was a Miracle, yet it seem'd not so in her; whether it was because she was almost all Spirit, or because Miracles were grown natural to her. But certain it is, that when she was restor'd to her natural State after the aforesaid Extasy, and was going out of the Church, she met with *Thaddea*, who

as a Saint respected her, and lov'd her as a Friend; both with extremity of Affection. Soon as *Thaddeea* saw her, she ran to embrace her. *Veronica* accepted it, for she answer'd her Love with equal Affection. *Thaddeea* in embracing her, felt *Veronica's* Body to be burning hot, and (which is more) her own Body too. This was certainly occasion'd by Contact; and no less certain it is that the Flames which the Divine Love was on that Day pleas'd to kindle in *Veronica's* Soul, did derive themselves on her Body; and, from her, *Thaddeea* catch'd the happy Contagion.

Tho' what is before related be much, yet the Divine Lover thought it but a little. Like one, who to qualify himself the better, does not only set forth what he is, but what he has; so He display'd to her the most precious Stores and richest Jewels of Heaven, either for the reputation of his Power, or else to animate her Love; for Example is a most prevailing Incentive. He shew'd her the Glory of two Saints, who are celebrated by the Church under the Denomination of the Greater Saints.

On the first of *May*, as *Veronica* was assisting at Mass, an Extasy committed a Theft upon Mortals here below, and made a Restitution to Heaven above, in the Person of *Veronica*. She there saw the Courtiers of the Heavenly *Jerusalem*, decently distinguish'd into their Choirs, following two venerable Personages, whose rich Attire provok'd the Envy of the Stars and the Admiration of the Sun. Which Envy and Admiration was increas'd by the Resplendency of the Crowns

Crowns they wore on their Heads; in nothing unequal to their other Ornaments, but superior to them, because surmounting them. In short, the Glory and Majesty of these two Captains of the Host was greater than even *Hyperbole* can paint.

On each side of these two Grandees march'd two Angels, who from two Censers of Gold diffus'd agreeable Odours all around. In the midst of the Procession were other Angels, who with sprightly Musick did alike suspend the Judgment as well as Senses. Behind followed in Order an innumerable Company of Angels. Next to them the Holy Apostles, and then the Martyrs, a numerous Body. After these the Popes, Arch-Bishops, and Bishops, and lower those who were only Priests: And lastly the Saints of other Degree. All habited in Vests that were flower'd with Gold, and seeded with precious Stones. No less Costliness and Art did their Diadems boast, which on all Sides ejaculated their restless Brilliances. So well concerted a Diversity yielded a charming Prospect, which can be compar'd to nothing but it self. In short, 'twas such a spectacle of Glory as far exceeds the utmost stretch of the most sublime created Thought.

The Angel told *Veronica*, that the Leaders of that bright celestial Army were St. *Philip* and St. *James*; and then proceeded in telling her who the rest were, one by one. After this she saw the Majesty of the Immortal God sitting in a Throne of the most admirable Lustre, which flash'd forth Rays of a well proportion'd Make.

The Saints coming up to the Throne, ador'd him that sat thereon with all due Respectfulness. The Supreme Majesty, with a benevolent Serenity and a Countenance gravely chearful, cast his Eyes upon 'em all; and liberally pour'd forth his Benedictions. After this, St. *Philip* and St. *James* seated themselves on a lofty Throne, which seem'd to be fabricated with nothing but Effulgency. The rest of the Saints worship'd them from their several Stalls, which to *Veronica's* thinking were dispos'd by a Miracle in the Hall of this Paradise. And now *Veronica* return'd to her corporeal Functions, which are a great Incumbrance, and a mere dead Weight to one in Glory.

On the Day for celebrating the Invention or Finding of the Cross, *Veronica* went again to Heaven. She related, that she saw adjoyning to the Divine Judgment-Seat an Apartment whose Tapestry and Hangings were the elegancies of Light it self, exquisitely sparkling and well-vary'd. In the middle thereof lifted it self up on high a well-proportion'd lofty Cross, form'd of Massy Gold, without Allay, and enamel'd with the most valuable Jewels, the least whereof was as large as a Man's Hand. The Splendor of this Machine *Veronica* said 'twas impossible for Words to describe, or Heart to conceive.

Accompany'd with a numerous Band of Holy Virgins and St. *Magdalen*, came the Queen of Virgins and Mother of all Purity, the most Holy *Mary*, to pay her Adorations to the Cross. Being arriv'd, she kneel'd down before the Holy Cross, which *Veronica* said did make a sort of

a Motion and bowed it self down, either that our Lady might the more easily kiss it, or else with a design of worshipping our Lady it self. Be it as it will, it did actually stoop so low that the most Holy Virgin cou'd put her pure Mouth, first to the Place where Christ's right Hand was nail'd, then to that where his left Hand was nail'd, afterwards to the middle where his Head had touch'd. Then she kiss'd the Place whereabouts his Side had been pierc'd: And last of all with no less Affection she ador'd the Place where his Feet had been fasten'd, discovering throughout the whole, symptoms of great Delight and Pleasure. The same did St. *Magdalen*.

Next came the Redeemer between the two Saints, *John* the Baptist, and *John* the Evangelist; and revered the Holy Cross in the very same manner as is already related. When Christ and our Lady had taken their particular Seats, all the Citizens of Glory with the same Ceremony ador'd the Cross; beginning with the Holy Virgins, who coming up two and two, and with a native Modesty bowing their Heads, signify'd their Veneration by their Respectfulness. Whilst this was doing, two Angels stood by wafting their Censers. After this, each of them repairing to her proper Mansion, *Veronica* return'd to Earth.

On the day when Holy Church celebrates the Sanctity of *Monica*, whose Tears ushered in that rising Sun St. *Austin*, at one time born to the World, at another to Heaven, always to the Church; *Veronica* travell'd thro' all the Palaces of Heaven: whether she deem'd them to be
more

more hers on that day, or whether she thought all the Palaces of Heaven too small a task to travel thro' on such a day. She saw the glorious Inmates of the celestial Court richly accouter'd, following the like Proceſſion as we read in the beginning of this Chapter was had for St. *Philip* and St. *James*: With this Difference, that as in the former thoſe two Apoſtles held the firſt Place, being the Authors of the Feſtival; ſo in this latter the firſt Place was filled by St. *Monica*, and the great *Auguſtin* her Son (for without him ſhe wou'd have thought it no Glory) as being the Occaſion of the Solemnity. Their Habits were of Glory, becauſe they were the Habits of Immortality.

And becauſe Repetitions are nauſeating, let it be ſaid once for all, That *Veronica* ſaw the ſame Pomp and Preparation in the Feſtivals of the other Saints, which for the ſpace of a Year ſhe beheld, and which we ſhall hereafter relate. Only with the Difference above noted, viz. that the Saints then in Celebration were on that day at the head of the Proceſſion. Thus it was in the Conſeſſion of the great *Auguſtin* ſome ſhort time afterwards, viz. *Auguſtin* and St. *Ambroſe* led the Way, becauſe in that Conſeſſion St. *Ambroſe* was the moſt effectual Inſtrument of God's Omnipotence. Nor was it in Place alone that they were chief, but in Luſtre and Reſplendency of Glory. In the Feſtival of St. *Bernard*, in the Inſtitution of the *Minims*, the Captains of the Proceſſion were St. *Bernard* and St. *Francis*. Then follow'd St. *Lewis* King of *Sicily*, St. *Anthony* of *Padua*,
St.

St. *Lewis* King of *France*, the most Excellent Doctor St. *Bonaventura*. And tho' throughout the whole Year that *Veronica* saw all this, she enjoy'd the Happiness of seeing every thing minutely; yet it will be better for the Reader to suppose the same Pompousness in all of them, than for us to crowd every Page with the same thing over and over again. We shall however take notice of whatever is remarkably Singular.

The day on which the Church solemnizes the Body of God, (*Corpus Christi* day) the Angel warn'd *Veronica* in these Words: *Know, Child, that the festival of this day has so singular a Preheminence over other days, that Mortals ought to celebrate it with the greatest Devotion possible: In respect of the Reverence due to the Majesty of the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. As you will see the Solemnization thereof by the Church Triumphant.* All the Hierarchies of the Angelic Spirits, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers, Cherubim, Seraphim, habited alternately, some in White, others in Scarlet, perhaps in Imitation of the Majesty there present before them. They stood round a mighty Throne on which was the Son of God. Numberless were those who ply'd with their Censers, and no fewer those who with their continual and delightful Musick made the Heavens resound.

Next to these, and before the Angels and Archangels, between *Martha*, and *Magdalen*, came the Queen of Heaven, the most Holy *Mary*,

Mary, accompany'd by the Holy Apostles, Patriarchs, Prophets and all the rest of the Saints. She thrice inclin'd her Body, and ador'd the Son of God and of herself. Christ accepted the Honour, and repaid it with a greater when his Mother arose. For the straightway ascending the Throne whereon her Son was, he gave her the Right-hand Seat. And tho', as *Veronica* observ'd, in all Places where Christ and the Baptist met, Christ gave the Right-hand to the Baptist, as now he did to his Mother; yet when our Lady appear'd, the Baptist instantly quitted it to the Virgin. Near to our Lady were seated *Martha* and *Magdalen*. After the whole celestial Court had worship'd the immortal Majesty, all the Angels form'd themselves into a Ring, and the other Saints withdrew, till at last there remain'd nothing but that beautiful and joyful Circle of Intelligencies, those inflam'd Spirits. The most Holy Mother straightway arose, made three Adorations and went away, accompany'd with all the Grandees of that Court. *Veronica* took Notice, that the most Holy Virgin as she retir'd still kept her Eye on our Lord; not only out of Respect, but because the Glories of his Divine Face were such, that she could not take her Eyes off him. Here *Veronica's* Extasy was at an end; perhaps because the act of this Vision requir'd no more time.

Veronica, in another Extasy, saw the Feast of the two Princes of the Church, St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*. The Apparel of these Holy Apostles was throughout White, and sent forth Rays as of Gold,

Gold, inexpressibly glorious. The *Roman* Prince *Peter* carry'd in his Hand a Palm and the Keys, drest in his Pontificalibus. The Prince of Doctors, *Paul*, had a Sword of Gold, and a Palm, and some Lillies. Both of them with a Majestic Pace made towards the Throne of God, to pay their Adorations. Which done, the other Saints came forwards, following their Example, which tho' powerful as they were Fathers, was more so as they were Princes.

Three times did *Veronica* enter into Heaven on that Feast of our Lady to which the Church has given the Title of *Snow*. The first Rapture was spent in the Angel's carrying her to the Place where the Accident of the Snow happened. There *Veronica* saw a Mountain cover'd with Snow; and on it our Lady gloriously encompass'd about by Celestial Spirits, the happy Ministers of so great a Queen. The Angel said to *Veronica*, *This Place was cover'd with Snow at the command of the Queen of Heaven. She was pleas'd that at so unlikely a Season Snow shou'd fall from Heaven, and cover this particular spot of Ground. The intent of this Miracle was to satisfy the desires of a certain Man whose Name was John, the Son of a Roman Senator, to the end that he might here Found a Church in Honour and Veneration of the Mother of God.* Scarce had the Angel said this when *Veronica* admir'd to see herself in the Temple, and no less admir'd at the Magnificence thereof. Her Guide told her that *That was the Temple which was built out of Devotion as aforesaid.*

In her second Rapture she saw certain mighty things done for the service of the Queen of Angels, but she did not declare what; perhaps out of Modesty; but I am apt to think she was enjoin'd Silence.

In the third Extasy *Veronica* saw the glorious Institutor of Preachers, and Master of the Catholick Pulpit, the mighty Patriarch St. *Dominick*. His Habit was a Sun; nor is it to be wonder'd at, since when he was young in his Cradle his Swadling-Cloaths were a * Star. With the same shining Glories his Companion declar'd himself his Companion. He was of the same Institution, and drank the resplendency of Life in the Fountain of the Original of the Father, as became such a Son to do. He was follow'd by many Angels, perhaps to secure the stability of the Stars, which having so steadfast a Pattern, had no cause to fear any thing of Ruin. Next came the plentiful and most happy Fecundity of that great Father, instanc'd in Thousands and Thousands of Saints, and repeated in a large number of Holy Nuns who follow'd the Saints of the other Sex. They came forwards in decent Order, and having in the first place worship'd the Supreme Father, they did the like to their particular Father the Patriarch St. *Dominick*, with the same Pomp and Solemnity as we have related of the rest.

The day on which the Queen of Angels ascended to be Crown'd with Glory, *Veronica*, in a Rapture, saw that most pure Mother as it were loosing

* The Popish Writers have recorded of St. Dominick, that when he was baptiz'd his Grandmother (tho' no body else saw it,) did see a Star that enlighten'd all the World.

her Holy Soul from the Union of her most Holy Body: But in a very short space of Time, she saw her rais'd up again. So soon as she returned to give living Glory to the World, she was carry'd upwards by Angels to give a greater to the Heavens. She was all over habited in purest Gold, so beamy it out-shone the Sun, and surpass'd the Capacity of humane Thought to conceive. Before she arriv'd at the Throne of her Glory, she was carry'd thro' the midst of Purgatory; but she was not at all detain'd there, because she ow'd them nothing. She was so far from feeling the Pains of Purgatory, that those miserable Souls that were in it were for a time reliev'd therefrom by the sweetness of her Presence. From hence passing to the Supreme Heavens, she was met by the Monarch of the whole Creation, our Lord Christ, accompany'd by the whole Court of the triumphant *Jerusalem*, with Songs and other Tokens of Jubilee. After our Lady and Christ had by most affectionate Embracings testify'd their Joy to see themselves in their own Country and Empire, the King of Glory Christ Jesus crown'd his Mother the Queen of Angels with two Crowns, and seated her on a very high Throne. At a small Distance from their crown'd Lady, sat *Martha* and *Magdalen*, *St. Anne*, and others. They were all surrounded by an immense Number of Angels, ineffably Glorious.

Veronica return'd to Earth, to be espous'd, in the Sacrament of the Altar, to him who because he was more worth than a thousand chosen Spouses, she had a thousand times chosen for her Spouse.

While she was following the Sacrifice of the Mass, she again found herself entranc'd and carry'd to Purgatory. She saw a Man whose Form and Aspect look'd altogether Divine. His Dress was accordingly. He was follow'd by a great multitude of Angels. But as for his Name, *Veronica* cou'd never learn it; she however enter'd into Purgatory with the Multitude.

Veronica said, that so many Souls were immediately presented to this Divine Person, as wou'd more than fill half the City of *Milan*. Each of them was conducted by that Angel which in Life had been his Guardian Angel. When these Souls first came out of the Fire of Purgatory, they look'd as it were sing'd and scorch'd. But they presently clear'd up and became white as driven Snow. Being crown'd with Garlands of green Leaves, the Angels presented them before the Tribunal of the Supreme and only true Justice, who, e'er the Deed be done, sees the Merit and determines the Reward. They all took off their Crowns or Garlands, and laid them at the foot of the Throne. The Author of Life with a serene Mildness in his Eyes gave them his Benediction; then taking up their Offerings, he presented them to his most pious Mother. This is what *Veronica* saw for this Time. She was so swallow'd up in Delight, that her Soul cou'd hardly be contain'd in her Body; either because the wretched earthly Body is no adequate subject for such an Intercourse, or because so great a favour from Heaven despises the narrowness of such a Prison-like Place. She particularly magnify'd
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the delights of her Spirit in the Extasies of this day. But above all, she extoll'd that part of them which she felt in seeing those happy Souls depart from the pains of Purgatory, and go up to be crown'd with the Recompence of their Merits:

The Great Patriarch St. *Augustin* appear'd on this day to his Darling *Veronica* in his Pontificalibus. He look'd like a burning Light casting forth Rays of unsufferable Brightness: Nor was it a new thing that he shou'd be a burning Light, who when on Earth was a flaming fire of Love: And less strange to see him all over enrich'd in Rays, who was a Ray to all. His Garment was Flame-colour'd, an Emblem of his Heart, thereby to teach his Daughter to let her outward Actions correspond in Colour with that of her Mind.

He came between those two Sons of his, St. *Nicholas de Tolentino*, and *William de Aquitain*, habited in Sacerdotal Robes, and wearing rich Crowns on their Heads.

They were followed, first by a great Multitude of Religious Hermits: Then came the Regular Canons: These were all in White. Then came an infinite Number of other Religious, variously habited, according to the Diversity of their Profession, under the Rule of St. *Augustin*. To these Religious succeeded a multitude of Nuns; among them, a great number of the same Institution *Veronica* was of. *These*, said the Angel to her, *are the Nuns of thy Religion and Convent. That is Sister Macalina de Arimino. That other is she who gave you the Habit, when she*
was

was Abbess, her Name is Macalina too: She that comes next is Sister Margarita; and she who you see there with a Palm in her Hand, a badge of Martyrdom, is Sister Justina. And thus the Angel went on telling her the Names of several others. But Veronica presently knew two of them who had been Abbesses of her Convent, and went to Heaven in her Presence. These two, with a smiling Aspect, welcom'd Veronica.

Veronica observ'd that some of the Nuns were clad in more resplendent Habits than other some. This she understood was to distinguish the Merit of each; who according as they had despis'd earthly Glory, did now enjoy a greater or less portion of the Heavenly. Besides these she saw several other Nuns, some habited in black, some in white. This Rapture lasted seven Hours; a long while humanely speaking, but if we consider the prodigious Magnificence with which this Feast was celebrated in Heaven, it will seem a very short space for such a Performance.

This mighty Father of the greatest Sons of the Church appear'd once more to his Veronica. In the Year 1487, that glorious Sun St. Augustin enter'd into the humble Mansions of Veronica: So that by this Conjunction we may say Sol was in the House of Virgo; in order to shed the influence of Grace upon the World, more Light upon Veronica, and more Reputation upon Augustin himself. The particular day is not known; 'tis likely it held many Days. The general belief is, that it was soon after Veronica had chang'd her Resolution of going

going into a Hermitage; for even in her very Thoughts she shew'd herself a worthy Daughter of such a Father. He when on Earth was for returning to the Desert, God withheld him. *Veronica* wou'd have done the like, Christ diverted her. God shew'd her, and *Augustin* confirm'd to her, that a rolling Stone gathers no Moss: And that she to whom the World it self was as it were a Desert, did even in her Cell find a Desert. The swelling waves of the World signify little to a Heart, that like a Rock resists the Rage thereof, a Heart that is shut up in the Hand of God. *Noah* by being cover'd in by the Hand of God, overcame the Deluge, and triumph'd over the Watry Element.

Once, in the dead of Night, *Veronica*, swallow'd up in Prayer, felt herself inflam'd with an uncommon Ardour. *Augustin* turn'd the Night into Day. The Laws of Nature where awhile exchang'd, in favour of *Veronica*. Such a Flood of Light came pouring into her Cell, that it seem'd to contain the whole Sun, and so indeed it did, for it contain'd St. *Augustin*. *Veronica*, at the Sight of him, was divided between an humble Fear, and an interior Joy. The Saint had such a Divine Countenance, that he at once commanded Love and Respect. The hoary Honours of his Head were crown'd with a Mitre of immense Value; his Shoulders were cover'd with a rich Pontifical Mantle.

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At first *Veronica* was exceedingly afraid, seeing so sudden an Inundation of Glory. Her Soul by little and little endeavour'd to reconcile it self to a belief of what it saw; but Humility was a Stumbling-block to her Faith: being always backward to believe any thing that did not argue her own Unworthiness. This Efflux of Glory retir'd again to Heaven: For such high Favours never continue long on Earth. *Veronica* fetch'd a deep Sigh at their Departure, and wept bitterly, and laid the Fault upon her Sins, which she charg'd as the cause of the shortness of that Celestial Visit, and began to be under some Perplexity whether it might not be an Illusion of the Devil: But then she remember'd that when she went to School in Heaven, her Divine Master and Spouse had inform'd her of the reason of the brevity of these Favours, and likewise how she shou'd be able to know them from Illusions of the Devil.

After *Veronica* had seen the Solemnities of all the Saints repeated in orderly Succession, according to the several Days of the Year appointed them by the Church, the Saints themselves did likewise on their respective Days throughout the next Year come and confabulate with *Veronica*; and on such Days wherein it happen'd that more than one Saint was celebrated, they all came and enjoyed her Conversation. This Correspondence began on the Birth-day of the great Baptist.

In

In the Month of *August* she enjoyed a yet greater Favour; the Day of St. *Zephyrinus* the Pope and Martyr. After he had by Celestial Discourse transported *Veronica's* Soul to Heaven, an Angel sang to her the best that an Angel could. All these Saints were represented to the corporeal Eyes of *Veronica*, adorn'd with their celestial Light.

Thaddea made Oath, that she being the Confident of *Veronica's* Secrets, and all that Year constantly attended by *Veronica*, on Occasion of a fit of Sickness which held her so long, she was Eye-witness of that Efflux of Light, and heard the sound of her Conversation with the Saints, but could not distinctly discover what it was they said, tho' she earnestly desired so to do.



BOOK III.

Containing the Moral Doctrines which Christ taught Veronica: Her Death and Miracles.

IN the Holy Week of the Year of our Lord 1490, Christ was pleas'd to communicate to his Favourite *Veronica* not only Notices of the Sublimest Nature, but likewise Documents thereupon: Either to incite her Love the more, or to reward her Pain. He having stole her from her Senses, that so her whole Soul might be employ'd about the Mysteries; he said to her as follows: 'Thou mayest remember, Child, that in the last Supper which thou sawest me eat with my most undefil'd Mother she ask'd me the reason of my Sadness, and that I paus'd awhile before I answer'd her: She ask'd me (with the fondness of a Mother, and the Resolution of one who desir'd the Reparation of laps'd Mankind) not whether I was to Die; for that she very well knew; but the time when; for that she knew not. By my delaying to give an Answer, I meant to Teach, that always before we give an Answer to any thing, we ought to consider whether it may scandalize any body, or make our Neighbour uneasie, or be at all displeasing to God.

'Furthermore, my Child, thou mayest remember, that upon the aforesaid Occasion, when
 ' my

' my most Holy Mother came to know the time
 ' of my Death, she sunk down to the Earth in a
 ' Swoon. And when afterwards she was reco-
 ' ver'd out of it, she said, [*My Son, Of all Sor-*
rows, this is the sharpest, and cuts deepest into
my Soul]. ' You must know, that this ought to
 ' be the manner of Men's feeling and bewailing
 ' their Sins. Penitence ought to pierce their
 ' Soul, as the Sword does the Body. And tho'
 ' no Sorrow can compare with that of my most
 ' Holy Mother; yet the Sorrow of a Sinner for
 ' his Sins, is that which comes nearest it. My
 ' Mother's Fainting away, and being so exceed-
 ' ingly disturb'd, teaches that in like manner a
 ' Sinner being fallen into a Mortal Sin, and con-
 ' sequently being Dead Spiritually, it is necessa-
 ' ry, that before he returns to the Spiritual Life,
 ' his Corporeal Sensations be subdu'd and morti-
 ' fy'd: And this to continue for some time. Be
 ' assur'd, this kind of Penitential Sorrow is very
 ' pleasing to me.

' You may also remember, my Child, that in
 ' the same Hour *Magdalen* came in, weeping
 ' and wailing bitterly upon account of my Passi-
 ' on which I had foretold to her. Her Shriek-
 ' ings and Sobblings proceeded from the mighty
 ' Love she bore towards me. From hence may
 ' be learn'd that I desire to be mightily lov'd by
 ' Mortals. But because on the one hand, it may
 ' be said, that her Love for me had been of no
 ' very Ancient Date, and that without any La-
 ' bour of hers I put her in the way of Salvati-
 ' on, therefore, on the other hand, I must tell

‘ ye, that her Sister *Martha*, who suffer’d much
 ‘ in respect of *Magdalen*, did likewise merit that
 ‘ Favour from the Divine Hand: To shew that
 ‘ Men must go thro’ great Difficulties and Toil
 ‘ before they shall obtain Favours from the Holy
 ‘ Ghost. Many wou’d fain enjoy the Fruits of Pa-
 ‘ radise; but when they meet with any Trou-
 ‘ ble, they cool, and grow remiss, and so lose
 ‘ their Expectations.

‘ And now, my Child, I will let thee know
 ‘ what Doctrine I intended to inculcate when
 ‘ I beg’d my Mother’s Blessing on my Knees. I
 ‘ thereby shew’d the Respect and Veneration
 ‘ which Mortals ought to have for their Parents,
 ‘ whether Temporal or Spiritual. And where-
 ‘ as you saw my most Holy Mother ask my Bles-
 ‘ sing likewise, that was to set a singular Exam-
 ‘ ple of Humility to such as will attend to it.
 ‘ And when she said that in the same Hour she
 ‘ felt a black Cloud come over her Senses, it
 ‘ pointed out the State and Condition of a Sin-
 ‘ ner, who knowing his Sin does yet add Sin to
 ‘ Sin. And by *Magdalen*’s following me so close
 ‘ behind, is Typified, that a Sinner ought to fol-
 ‘ low and seek me out, that so his Cries may
 ‘ find the Bowels of my Mercy. And in like
 ‘ manner, as *Magdalen* persisted much in beseech-
 ‘ ing me, so ought a Penitent with his Prayers
 ‘ to persist much in supplicating me.

‘ I told my most Holy Mother, for her Conso-
 ‘ lation, that I should Rise again in a very short
 ‘ time: By this, Sinners are taught to rise again,
 ‘ in a very short space, from their deadly Sins,

‘ to

‘ to a Life of Grace. And as my most Pious
‘ Mother, in discourse with *Magdalen*, con-
‘ cerning my Resurrection, was ask’d what
‘ wou’d happen and fall out in those Three
‘ Days that I cou’d not rise: So ought those
‘ who are immerst in their Sins, to premedi-
‘ tate what may befall them, if sudden Death,
‘ or the like, should come upon them, and
‘ take ’em unawares.

‘ I likewise foretold my Death to my Disci-
‘ ples, at which News they were mightily
‘ troubled in Heart, as they themselves con-
‘ fessed; By this a Penitent ought to learn to
‘ declare all his Sins to his Confessor, even
‘ such Sins which give him the greatest Un-
‘ easiness of Mind, in like manner as the A-
‘ postles testify’d the Grief which fate upon
‘ their Minds.

‘ They who came to lay Hands on me,
‘ look’d for me in the Garden; I my self
‘ went out to meet them, and told them,
‘ that I was the Person they sought for. Let
‘ this be an Instruction to those who are laden
‘ with Sin, to declare to their Confessor e-
‘ ven their most minute Fault. They may
‘ conceal any thing from their Confessor, but
‘ from me they can conceal nothing. They
‘ ought to come to Confession with a true Pe-
‘ nitential Sorrow, a Contrition of Heart,
‘ and a fix’d Resolution to depart from their
‘ Sins. But to confess with their Mouths,
‘ and preserve an Affection for Vice in their
‘ Breasts, is a Confession which very much
‘ offends

‘ offends me: ’Tis running into a new Crime,
 ‘ because it is an Abuse of the Sacrament.
 ‘ You observe, Child, with what Fury the
 ‘ *Jews* dragg’d me down the Precipice of
 ‘ that Mountain; insomuch that my Feet
 ‘ were all over Blood with the sharp Flint
 ‘ Stones. I would have those who so eager-
 ‘ ly follow their Vices bethink themselves of
 ‘ this Passage of mine, and say in their Heart,
 ‘ *O miserable Wretch that I am! I run with*
 ‘ *these Feet in a Path that is offensive to the*
 ‘ *Son of God, and the Son of God tore his Feet*
 ‘ *to bring me out of this Path.* Let them
 ‘ think well of this, and presently apply to a
 ‘ Confessor for Relief.

‘ You know, Child, that when they bound
 ‘ me to the Pillar, *John* ran in all haste to in-
 ‘ form my most holy Mother of the Condition
 ‘ I was in. He went to the House where were
 ‘ my Mother and *Magdalen*, upon which they
 ‘ ask’d *John* where he had left his Master, to
 ‘ which *John* could make no other Answer
 ‘ than a flood of Tears, for Grief had de-
 ‘ prived him of Speech. This incident of
 ‘ *John* teaches Mankind how much they
 ‘ ought to be troubled when they think of
 ‘ my Passion. I know very well, that no one
 ‘ can attain to that Sense of my Passion as
 ‘ *John* and *Magdalen* had thereof. But nei-
 ‘ ther had They attained to so deep a Sense of
 ‘ it, if I had not, (thro’ my especial Mercy,)
 ‘ granted it to them. I would have every
 ‘ Humane Creature be careful and diligent to
 ‘ call

‘ call to mind my Passion, and to be afflicted
‘ thereat, because they shew their Love by
‘ compassionating my Sufferings. Nay, if
‘ they shed but one small Tear, let them de-
‘ pend upon it, I shall esteem greatly thereof.
‘ They know not what delight a single Tear
‘ gives me, and how beneficial it is to them-
‘ selves.

‘ But thou may’st likewise remember, Child,
‘ that when *John* carried my Mother the News
‘ of my being taken and bound, he told her,
‘ that if she had a mind to see me, she must
‘ make very great haste. By this very great
‘ haste, I would have Men learn, that when
‘ they know they have committed any Sin,
‘ they would incontinently fly to the Sacra-
‘ ment of Penance, or at least put themselves
‘ into a State of Contrition, with a Resoluti-
‘ on to go and confess themselves with all
‘ possible speed. And upon my Mother’s tel-
‘ ling *John* that they would both of them in-
‘ stantly go to *Jerusalem*, I would inculcate
‘ this Doctrine, that all Sinners should learn
‘ to depart forthwith from Sin. Furthermore,
‘ when my Mother enter’d the City, and spi-
‘ ed a Light in a certain House, (for it was
‘ in the Night-time) she went into that House,
‘ and found a Man at Work hewing a
‘ great piece of Timber. She ask’d him, If
‘ he knew where her Son was; to which the
‘ Man answer’d, That he knew not who her
‘ Son was, but that all he knew was, there
‘ was a Man taken up, who was call’d *Jesus*
‘ of

of Nazareth, who was to be nail'd to that
 Wood the next Day; then my most Pious
 Mother lifting up her Voice said, *O thou*
Cross, what Pain is my Son to suffer upon
thee! O thou Cross, how many Deaths wilt
thou give unto my Son! But the Words of my
 afflicted Mother were interrupted with such
 Sighings and Sobblings, that for some time
 she could utter nothing further. After-
 wards embracing *Magdalen*, she said to her,
See, O Magdalen, see the Cross that is pre-
pared for thy Master and my Son.

When I went forth from the Palace of
Pilate, thou knowest, Child, how outra-
 geously the *Jews* hurried me away. I was
 a Laughing-Stock to the People, and a
 common Mark of Derision. Even my own
 Mother, when she saw me, did not know
 me to be her Son. And, being desirous to
 get information from *Magdalen*, she ask'd
 her whether she knew me to be so. The
 Use I would make of this Circumstance is,
 that those who know not me among Men I
 likewise will not know at the last Day. A-
 gain, when my most Holy Mother desir'd
John, that since she could not get to the
 Speech of me by reason of the great Con-
 course of People, he would lead her through
 some other Street, that she might meet
 with me: By this I intimate, that he who has
 any Mortal Sin upon him, can never come
 at Me.

And

‘ And whereas when I saw my Virgin
 ‘ Mother, my Sorrows instantly receiv’d a
 ‘ grievous Addition; I would infer, that they
 ‘ who in Confession conceal any Sin, and re-
 ‘ ceive the Sacrament of my Body unworthi-
 ‘ ly, may indeed conceal their Sins from
 ‘ Men, but cannot from God, and they like-
 ‘ wise add Sin to Sin, and are so far from
 ‘ reaping any Fruit therefrom, that they con-
 ‘ demn themselves afresh. Furthermore, when
 ‘ my afflicted Mother saw me ascend Mount
 ‘ *Calvary*, with so burthensome a Cross upon
 ‘ my Shoulders, she said, *O my Son, how can*
 ‘ *thy weak Body go up so rough so steep a*
 ‘ *Mountain, with so great a Weight!* This
 ‘ Mode of Speech holds forth a Doctrine to
 ‘ those who go on in any Mortal Sin: they
 ‘ ought to consider how great a Slavery they
 ‘ are under, and how great a Burthen they
 ‘ bear, and then with an unfeign’d Sorrow
 ‘ say, *Wretch that I am, miserable Wretch,*
 ‘ *what a Path have I to go to see the Face of*
 ‘ *my Creator?* But do not forget, Child, that
 ‘ they constrained *Simon of Cyrene* to help me
 ‘ to bear the Cross, that they might bring me
 ‘ the sooner to that shameful Death, which they
 ‘ intended to inflict upon me, and did inflict
 ‘ upon me. By this I would inculcate, that
 ‘ they who die in Sin, are not to expect my
 ‘ Mercy after Death; such Obstinacy shuts all
 ‘ Doors against them.

‘ I ascended the Mountain in the sight of
 ‘ my most loving Mother, who stood at some

distance, like a poor ordinary Woman. The
 Impious, Tyrannical Soldiers, were busied
 in the Preparations of my Death; here my
 afflicted Mother broke out into new Rivers
 of Tears, and said, *Alas, a black Cloud comes*
cross my Heart: who will deliver me from
this Darknes? In this Obscurity I represent-
 ed to her the Darknes with which every
 Sinner is involved, which is so very thick
 that Words cannot express it.

And now was my last Hour come. I re-
 commended *John* to my most Holy Mother,
 to be as a Son to her, and she accordingly
 accepted of him. And he continually obey-
 ed and served her as a Mother. Hereby let the
 Great ones of the World learn to be help-
 ful and friendly to their Inferiors, for tho'
 my most Holy Mother knew that she was
 the Lady and Queen of Heaven, yet was
 she obedient and subject to the Will of *John*.

My Body was hanging upon the Cross (con-
 tinued the Supreme Lecturer) and my Spi-
 rit was given up to the Eternal Father;
 when the Soldiers were possess'd with a new
 and unaccountable Madness, and among them
 one *Longinus* ran his Spear into my dead
 Body. My Blood ran down his Lance to
 his Hand, with his Hand he touched his
 Eyes, and received Sight; I mean a Ghost-
 ly Sight. Thus thou seest that tho' I could
 have severely chastised his Crime, yet I made
 no other return but to do him good. To
 his Eyes I gave Sight, and to his Soul Life.

With

With this liberal Act of Mercy I give Mankind an Example, not only to pardon Evil, but likewise to befriend those who have injured them.

My most Holy Mother, departing from the Place of Burial, repeated her Sighs and Tears without Number, as if her own Soul had been buried in the Grave. So ought they who wander out of the Path of Salvation, to weep and to mourn: they who go on in their Sins, let them lament from their Hearts, let them weep when under Confession, and let them say these Words: *How can he live who keeps the Life of Divine Grace buried beneath the hard Stone of his Sins?* Thus far Christ.

An Angel meeting with *Veronica* in Heaven, declared to her the secret Meanings of the various Colours of Christ's Habits, as likewise of the Saints, concluding with these Words, 'But remember, Child, above all things, that the Mysteries of our Saviour's Passion were manifested to thee exactly as they happened in Jerusalem.

These were the Lessons which the Divine Master, as likewise the Angel, gave to *Veronica*; it seem'd as if all Heaven strove who should be most busie in instructing this Disciple, that in her they might give the World a compleat Mistress. By their Example they taught her how to act, and by the Holy Scripture how to speak. *Veronica* in her Words was a living Oracle, in her Actions was a

perfect Picture of God. There only remained one Doubt upon her Spirit in these Divine Lessons: Whether it proceeded from her own Desire of learning more, or whether it was a Stratagem of her Master that he might teach her more; I am apt to think it might be the latter, and that our Lord did designedly leave room for a Question, because such Doubting argued a Desire of a further Knowledge of the Things of Heaven.

This whole Year *Veronica* spent in going to the School of Heaven. There she saw, that when our Great Master gave that Example of extreme Love in washing his Disciples Feet, he washed them before Supper; she had a Doubt upon her as to the Time of doing it. The Scripture says, that he washed their Feet after Supper, and here *Veronica* saw him wash them before Supper, and this Doubt disturbed her mightily, because it look'd as if either a Secret was concealed from her, and so regretted it as a Lover, or else that the Doctrine was defective, and so regretted it as a Scholar. She had recourse to Prayer, an Exercise which she reaped mighty Benefit from. On the 26th of *September*, Anno 1490. whether it was thro' Envy, or thro' Natural Fury, the Devil assaulted *Veronica* in a most cruel and tyrannical Manner, but our Lord soon came to her Assistance, and carrying her Spirit up to Heaven, did miraculously restore Health to her Body. After much Discourse together, *Veronica* laid before him the Doubt she had in her Mind: *My Lord and my God,*
your

your Evangelists, or your self by their Mouths, have taught us, that After your last Supper you washed your Disciples Feet, and yet when I saw that Action done, you washed them Before Supper. Now, I can neither doubt what I saw you do, nor can I doubt what I read in the Evangelists.

To which our Saviour answer'd: I confess. Child, that when Supper was ended, I washed my Disciples Feet. The Reason why I did it then was to work upon the Malice of Judas by so loving and humble an Action, because I left him to the Election of his own Will; but he continued obstinate in his Purpose, and would not be wrought upon. There is besides this another Reason for this difference of Time. I thereby was minded to insinuate, that those who come to the Banquet of the Divine Eucharist ought first to wash both the inward and outward Man, and therefore I washed their Feet both before and after Supper. Before Supper to thy seeming, and after Supper in Fact; but I see, and not without a great deal of Sorrow, that many sit down to this Table unworthily, and without having first cleansed themselves from the foulness of their Sins, so that they eat and drink their own Damnation, at the same time that they are swallowing the Food of Life. I let them go on their own way as I did Judas. And thus, I think, I have resolved your Doubt, and given a sufficient Reason why I changed the time of that Action of mine. Veronica heard and was silent. For she entirely acquiesced in whatever she was taught. The

The time was now come that the Blessed Spirit of *Veronica* was once for all to be freed from the Incumbrance of the mortal Load of Flesh. A Load which is very troublesome to all; but much more so to *Veronica*, because it frequently hindred her from communing with her Spouse in Glory. She saw herself in Glory every Hour, but soon returned again to her Body. She was grievously afflicted, (as she herself confess'd,) that she was tied down to such Company as disturbed better Company. To live in what she most abhorred, and be forced to leave from time to time what she most delighted in, in order to return unto her loathsome Prison: What Anguish, what Pangs did it not give her, and what Desires did it not excite in her to get rid of it! To see herself upon the Point of going to enjoy to all Eternity the kind Caresses of a Spouse, for whom she always ardently sigh'd, for whom she died for Love, it is certain it infused such a Joy into her, as was enough to burst open the Prison of her mortal Body. If Desire encreases with Delay, if likewise it encreases according to the Excellency and Greatness of the expected Good, how much must *Veronica's* Breast have been inflam'd after she had seen the many and great Glories of Heaven?

She was seized by a Fever, which being attended by other Illnesses encreased upon her for six Months together. She bore it all that time as one who prized highly her Afflictions, nay, she frequently congratulated herself

self thereupon, because now she saw her Spouse knocking louder at her Gates. The Cheerfulness of her Soul would have made the Grievousness of her Distemper impossible to be believed, had not the Weakness of her Body declared itself to the By-Standers. The Nuns assisted her with all possible Care in this Extremity, and by their Tears did manifest their Apprehensions. *Veronica* submitted herself to the Medicines that were administer'd to her, not that she desir'd to continue in this Life, but to shew her perfect Obedience in all Things. But Earthly Remedies were of little or no use to *Veronica*, because she had been long time accustomed to have her Medicaments prepared in Heaven. If Heaven at this time forbore to administer the suitable Remedies, as in times past, it was because Heaven was not willing *Veronica* should abide any longer upon Earth. Her Fever increased, and so did the Sorrow of her loving Sisters, when they found that all Applications were ineffectual. They feared they should lose in *Veronica* an Example, and an Incentive to Virtuous and Godly Performances, and a Pledge which had obliged God to take their House under his particular Care. Some of the Nuns employ'd themselves in continual Prayers for her Health, while others inflicted sharp Penances upon themselves, none of them sparing any Pains which they were prompted to by their abundant Love of her. But the Spouse deferr'd till another

nother Opportunity to reward the Merit of so much Solitude, and the Fervency of so many Prayers, which in this Case he postpon'd to the Consideration of his own Particular Interest and to the Desires of *Veronica*.

Five Days before *Veronica* was to depart from this Vale of Tears, she sent for her Confessor. If so great Purity of Life, if such frequent Communication with God has where-withal to be apprehensive in the last Moments of Life, what has that Sinner to fear, who, having all his Life long lived unmindful of God, waits for a Death-bed Repentance? The Confessor came, and by his Affliction testified how tenderly he loved and highly esteemed the Merits of this Favourite of Heaven. She confessed herself minutely to him, and then told him, as a Secret, that five Days after that, *viz.* on *Friday*, at the Hour of *Compline*, she should give up her Soul to the Creator from whom she received it. Four Days passed, during which every thing was done that related to the Ministry of the Sacraments suitable to the Occasion; at last when the Confessor came, *Veronica* spoke to him with a more chearful Countenance than ever, thereby shewing what she felt in her Heart. After this, the Confessor, for some Purposes of his own, desired *Veronica* to give him leave to depart, but she would not consent to it, and so the Confessor stay'd at her Request.

And now the *Compline* Bell rang the first Peal, the Countenance of *Veronica* began to change

change its natural Hue, and by its Effects to shew that the Hour was come in which she was to exchange the Light of this Life for that of a better. The Nuns flock'd to her, and planted themselves round her humble Bed, and kept their Tears in by Force, that they might not by their Affliction disturb the Pleasure of *Veronica*, who at the second Ringing of the Bell dropping as it were into a gentle Sleep, took flight from that Prison which had been so irksome to her. She expired, or rather the Hour, predicted by her, expired. *Veronica's* natural Colour was inclining to Swarthy; such Vicinity to the Sun was enough to have spoilt any Complection. The miraculous Alteration of her Complection from a brown to lilly-white three days before she dy'd, shewed that she assumed that Colour purely to please her Spouse. And now the Nuns burst forth into Tears, which being restrained broke out with greater Force. The wonderful change of her hue which they were Eye-witnesses of was what consoled them, as likewise what the Confessor told them, *viz.* that, five Days before, *Veronica* had foretold to a Minute this Departure of hers, which they now saw and bewailed: that till then he had kept it a Secret in expectation of the Issue; and that when he asked *Veronica* leave to depart from her, he did it on purpose to try her. Adding that they should hold in great Veneration one who had dyed a Saint as she had lived. Upon this

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the Confessor withdrew, and left the Nuns to take care to prepare things for her Burial. And when they wash'd her Body, they found that the same extraordinary Whiteness which was on her Face, spread all over her Body. Some of the Nuns, either out of Devotion or Love, preserved the Water which had run down that precious Body; and they did well, for it being afterwards applied in several Distempers, it never fail'd of working an effectual Cure.

They had scarce put on her Winding-Sheet, and placed her Body on a Bier, when from the City there flock'd infinite Multitudes of People, among whom were some of the greatest Quality; a Privilege peculiar to Holiness, which lives tho' dead, and which flying the World is sought for by the World, and which in the midst of Self-Contempt meets with Veneration.

When she was, according to the usual humble Pomp of the Order, carried to the Church, they found it almost impossible to get thro' the Croud, the People striving to touch the Body, in order to obtain a Remedy for their Distempers, or an Increase of Grace from her Virtues. Others, who cou'd not come near enough to touch her, contented themselves with seeing that Body which was so valuable in its Lifetime without seeking for Applause in its Lifetime; in short, there was such struggling and striving, that they were forced to put off the Burial for some days. The whole
City

City of *Milan* was under the greatest Affliction for the Loss of her, and were invincibly eager to see before she was buried Her whom they could not obtain to see when alive.

At that time the Archbishop of the Cathedral was confined to his Bed by Sickness, and so could not personally go to prostrate himself at *Veronica's* Feet. He commanded his Vicar to perform in his Name, what he was hindered from doing himself. He likewise ordered his Chapter to assist at the Funeral of this illustrious Nun. There was no need to order the Grandees of the City to attend it, for they had all resolved to do it voluntarily. The Day of Interment was appointed by the Archbishop's Order, which was to be after the space of five Days from the date of the Order. Great Numbers of People every day resorted thither, and because the Convent was obliged to shut the Church Doors every Night, (which yet they could hardly do, by reason of the great Numbers of People,) the Gates were crouded every Morning before Day-break; and as soon as they were open, the People all strove who should be the first happy Person that touched the Body; nor was there less Difficulty to get out than there was to get in. All that time *Veronica's* Body was surrounded by kneeling Votaries, who paid the same Veneration and Worship to her as to Holy Relicks. And now mighty Miracles were noised abroad, and not without Grounds, for her Body had already performed

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med several. The Evening before the appointed Day were greater Crouds of People than ever. Some would not be satisfied without worshipping her several Times. All were resolved at least to worship her once. With great Violence and Difficulty they at length shut the Gates, and the Obsequies being celebrated, they buried this holy Body, which by its Incorruption and unchangeable Aspect bore Testimony of the Glory of the Soul, which, when in it, was so happy as to merit so many Favours from Heaven, and lastly the Inheritance of eternal Love, as a Daughter and as a Spouse. This glorious Departure was on a *Friday* in the Evening, the thirteenth of *January* 1497, and of the Order 1107. *Alexander* VI. then governing the Church of God in his 5th Year. *Veronica* was 52 Years old, and had worn the Habit of a Nun 30.

Heaven did not content it self with verifying the Glory of *Veronica*, by making good her Prophecy, by conferring upon her that beauteous Complection which afterwards spread it self all over her Body, as likewise by preserving her Body uncorrupted: But resolv'd by other Tokens to make her Glory still more certain. And accordingly God wrought other Miracles for this his Servant, or rather Daughter, a Title with which Christ and the Angels did always so lovingly adorn her.

The Night before the Day on which they were to bury her, the defunct Corpse was attended (as likewise on the other days) by the
Prioress

Priores and Nuns of the Monastery; and this last Night they had also the Company of a Lady of Quality of *Milan* whose Name was *Antonia de Stampis*. Their Admiration was employed in what was most obvious to their Eyes; namely the unusual and amazing Beauty that appear'd upon the happy Deceas'd, and grew more and more every day that they kept her unburied. Her Countenance look'd so fresh, that it seem'd as if the Snow thereof was sprouting into Roses. Her Hands were exceeding fair; nay, the very colour of her Nails was such as made her look more like a live Body than a dead One. While they were taken up in admiring this, *Veronica* lifted up her left Arm very high, and then rested it upon her Bosom. Some short space afterwards she laid it upon her other Arm, in the same posture it had been before, viz. in form of a Cross. All the By-standers were seiz'd with great Fear, especially the *Vigaria* (She-vicar) of the House, who stood nearest to the Coffin where *Veronica's* Body lay. But they shook off their Fear, and took heart at what they were told by four Gentlemen of very considerable Figure. These Gentlemen, by a particular Favour, had been allowed to continue in the Church without the Wicket, and in Consideration of their Birth, Dignity, and approv'd Virtue, the Nuns Grate was left open. Thro' this Grate they saw the Body of *Veronica*, and that she plainly lifted up her Arm in manner before related: And
afterwards

afterwards these Gentlemen publisht it abroad, and bore Testimony of this Prodigy; as also of the Beauty and Complection of the Deceas'd, which they were Eye-witnesses of.

She likewise did other Miracles before her Interment, by curing several People of their Distempers *nam'd at large in the Original.*

Thirty Days after she was buried, the Sepulchre of *Veronica* was open'd, either for the Health or Devotion of the Sister-hood. They were all Eye-witnesses of the Incorruption of the Body: There not being all over it the least sign of any Alteration from what it was when they committed it to the Earth. When they first open'd the Tomb, Sister *Daria*, who has been already mention'd upon account of a Cure, laid hold of the Opportunity. She had been grievously troubled with a pain in her Stomach. She comes to the Body of *Veronica*, and taking her by the Hand, places it upon her Stomach, with so good an Effect that she was instantly reliev'd, and was never more sensible of any Pain there.

A certain Man, Brother to a poor Woman, was incommoded with a tedious and troublesome Indisposition of Body, which was follow'd by a greater of the Soul. He could not be perswaded by any means to go to Confession. Whether as a Punishment or as a new Addition to his Illness, he likewise lost the entire use of his Speech. This was a greater Grief to his Sister than any thing else cou'd be, lest he shou'd

go out of the World without Confession. She had recourse to *Veronica*, and promis'd her a Wax-Image, if she wou'd at least so far restore her Brother, as that he might be able to confess his Sins: And straightway the Sick Man recover'd the use of his Speech and grew perfectly well. Thus this Woman related the thing, in praise of *Veronica*.

On the 19th of *January* 1507, as *Camillo Falcam* the Son *Dominick Falcam*, was reading *Veronica's* Life by the Fire-side, he happened to strike his Hand so unluckily upon a knife, that it went quite thro' in a most incredible Manner, and came out on the back of his Hand. At the Cries of the Boy the Mother ran in, and being extremely affrighted at the dangerous Wound of his Hand, she fell to laying the Blame upon her Husband. The Child drew the Knife out, and afterwards removed his Parents Fear, by telling them there was no Occasion for a Surgeon, and in seven days time he was entirely cured. This was look'd upon as a Miracle wrought by *Veronica*: For the Child's Father recommended the Case to *Veronica* as soon as ever it happened. The Child affirm'd that he felt more Pain from his Father's Grief than from the Wound itself. Every body ascribed this to the Favour of *Veronica*, upon Account of the young Man's Devotion when he was reading her Life and Actions. Many other Miracles Heaven may have wrought at the Intercession of this Favourite; but as the
World

World is solely taken up with attending to its own Secular Interest, they may have let them pass by unregarded.

But the Nuns of St. *Martha* being incited with these few Miracles, as likewise for the Honour and Credit of their Convent, solicited the Apostolic See to grant them leave to worship her in their Church and other Chapels, as in fact they do.

The Pope's Bull for worshipping *Veronica*.

LEO Papa X. dilectis in Christo filiabus Matri & Monialibus Monasterii Beatae *Marthae* Mediolani Salutem & Apostolicam Benedictionem. Cum, sicut venerabilis Frater *Dionysius*, Episcopus *Macloviensis*, apud Nos & Sedem Apostolicam pro charissimo in Christo filio *Francisco* Francorum Rege Christianissimo Orator, Nobis nuper pro parte vestra exposuit: Vos sumopere cupeatis, quondam *Veronicam* dum in humanis ageret, vestri Monasterii monialem professam, ob singularis exemplaris vite virtutes; jejunia; orationes; vigiliis; & quam plures alias virtuosas & Deo gratas & acceptas operationes quas adhuc vivens, Gratia Divina sibi assistente, operabatur. Ita ut pium sit credere eam in Caelum esse relatum: cum ob crebra quae suis intercessionibus Dominus noster indies, post ipsius obitum, operatur miracula: tum ab singularem devotionem quam ad eam geritis: & ut devotionis fervor accrescat: & bonorum operum sectatrices indies magis atque magis

magis afficiamini; ut liceat vobis eam in Ecclesia & Monasterio vestro pro beata colere & venerari: ac in Ecclesiis & Sacellis vestris ejus imaginem depingi facere. Quare præfatus Dionysius Episcopus & Orator nos vestro nomine humiliter supplicavit ut huic vestro tam pio honesto desiderio, satisfacere, pro nostri pastoralis Officii debito, de benignitate apostolica, dignaremur. Nos igitur; qui fideles quoslibet: & præsertim fæminii sexus sub suavis Religionis jugo Domino famulantur ad devotionem & venerationem sanctorum & sanctarum Dei, quantum possumus libenter excitamus: & ut Imitatrices illorum existere valeant: eorum piis desideriis ex magno devotionis fervore prodeuntibus libenter annuimus, hujusmodi supplicationibus inclinati vobis pro vestri speciali consolatione eandem Veronicam in vestris Ecclesiis & Sacellis ut Beatam venerari & illius Imaginem depingi facere sine incurso alicujus demeriti, vel Idolatriæ seu Conscientiæ scrupulo possitis & valeatis auctoritate Apostolica, tenore præsentium, de apostolicæ auctoritatis plenitudine, concedimus pariter & indulgemus: Constitutionibus & Ordinationibus Apostolicis, ceterisque aliis in contrarium facientibus, non obstantibus, quibuscunque. Per hoc autem non intendimus quod Catalogo Sanctorum adscripta sit, donec ad illius Canonizationem actualiter processum fuerit. Data Romæ apud Sanctum Petrum sub Annulo Piscatoris die quinta decima Decembris 1517. Pontificatus nostri anno quinto.

In English as followeth.

POpe *Leo* the tenth to our beloved Daughters in Christ the Prioress and Nuns of the Convent of *St. Martha* in *Milan*, Health and our Apostolical Benediction. Whereas the Reverend *Dionysius*, Bishop of *Macclow*, Ambassador from *Francis* the most Christian King to Us and the Apostolick See, has declar'd on your behalf, that You greatly desire that *Veronica*, sometime a profess'd Nun of your Convent, may be allowed Worship in your Convent, and her Image be put up in your Churches and Chappels, and that you may pay Saint-like Veneration unto her; upon account of the extraordinary Virtues of her Exemplary Life, her Fastings, Prayings, Watchings, and many other religious Acts acceptable to God, which in her Lifetime with his assisting Grace she perform'd; so that we may piously believe she is gone to Heaven: upon Account likewise of frequent Miracles which our Lord since her death hath wrought at her Intercession: Also in regard of the singular Esteem you had for her, and that the fervour of your Devotion may more and more increase and that you may daily become greater Proficients in all good Works: For these Reasons the aforesaid *Dionysius* Bishop and Ambassador hath in your Name humbly besought us that we wou'd (according to the Obligation of our Pastoral Office) vouchsafe
to

to grant so pious and laudable a Request. We therefore who are glad of all Occasions to stir up and excite every true Believer (especially those of the Female Sex who serve the Lord in the sweetness of his Yoak,) to pay Adoration and Devotion to the Saints of God of either Sex, that they endeavour to be like them; Being readily inclin'd to grant such Petitions, We, for your special Consolation, Do, with Apostolical Authority by these Presents, and in the plenitude of our Power, Grant and Indulge you in the favour of Worshipping in Your Churches and Chapels *Veronica* as a Beatify'd Person, and to cause her Image to be put up or painted therein, and this without incurring any manner of Guilt either of Idolatry or violating Your Consciences: All Apostolical Constitutions and Ordinances, and all other things whatsoever to the Contrary notwithstanding. But by this We do not mean or intend that she shall be put into the Catalogue of Saints, till such time as we actually proceed to her Canonization. Given at *Rome*, at *St. Peter's*: under the Seal of the *Fisher*, the 15th of *December* 1517, and in the 5th Year of our Pontificate.

That is to say, twenty Years after Veronica's Decease.

This Bull is related Word for Word by Friar *Isidore de Isollanis* of the Order *St. Dominic*, in the Book which he wrote of the Life and Actions of this Servant of the Lord, to all which he was an Eye-witness; for he lived

at *Milan* at the time *Veronica* did, and was there at the Time that she departed from this Mortal Life, as he himself confesses in his Preface to the said Book.

Here followeth an Evening Hymn to the Blessed *Veronica*.

Regni superni curiam
Cœlestis it Veronica.
Non astra miratur nova ;
Quæ toties decurrerat.
Terrenæ sic fastidiis ;
Expleri ut arsit calicis.
Non dape nutriti est salis
Christi nisi, sive Angeli.
Hanc unicè tam diligit,
Rerum Creator, panderit
Arcana ut alta. Cordibus
Amor tacendi nescius.
Huic rursus est Veronica
Et natus, & demortuus ;
Surgit novus. Tot grandibus
Hanc emerit vel unicam.
Fé, Sponse Jesu Virginum,
Beati adorent ordines :
Et Nuptiali cantico
Laudent in omne Sæculum.

A N T H E M.

Hæc est virgo sapiens ; quæ accepta lampade,
sumpsit secum oleum : & veniente Domino in-
troivit cum eo ad nuptias.

Verf.

Verf. *Ora pro nobis, Beata Veronica.*

Resp. *Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.*

P R A Y E R.

Beata merita Veronicæ Virginis nos, quæsumus, Domine, prosequantur: quia non desinis propitius intueri, quos talibus auxiliis concesseris ad juxtam. Per Dominum, &c.

A Morning Hymn.

*Plenis ò manibus Lilia texit,
Plenis, & numeris carmina Virgines.
Multus flos niveus frontibus: illiget
Quem vox nexibus aurea.
Præclaro superum sponsa Veronica
Sacrat thalamo. Evertice Libani
En Christi, veniat, vox rogat aurea; ut
Jungat dextera nuptias.
Alme ò qui meritis gaudia candidis
Sponsi te redhibes; sit tibi gloria:
Quam totus resonans Virgineus Chorus
Æternam in seriem canat.*

A N T H E M.

Veni, electa mea: & ponam in te thronum meum: quia concupivit rex speciem tuam.

Verf. *Adducentur regi Virgines post eam.*

Resp. *Proximæ ejus afferentur tibi.*

P R A Y.

P R A Y E R.

Exaudi nos Deus salutaris noster, ut sicut de Beata Veronica Virginis tue commemoratione gaudemus: ita pie devotionis erudiamur affectu. Per Dominum, &c.

N. B. The preceding Office for Celebrating the Worship of *Veronica* is strictly according to the Printed Book, in which there are some Faults of the Press, but more (I think) of the Author who composed it.

In *English* Prose it runs thus.

VERONICA is gone to Heaven,
The Court of the King of Kings:
Where she beholds nothing new,
Who had been there so often before.

Earthly Things she nauseated,
And long'd for none but Heavenly:
She was satisfy'd with no Food
But that of Christ, or an Angel.

The Creator of the Universe
Lov'd her (and none but her) so much
He let her into all his Secrets:
For Cordial Love knows no reserve.

God, for the sake of our Veronica,
Again is born, again is dead,
Again arises; such great Things
He does, to purchase her alone.

Thee,

*Thee, Jesus, Bridegroom of the Virgins,
Let all the Heav'nly Host Adore,
And praise in Nuptial Songs thy Name,
Now and from henceforth Evermore.*

A N T H E M.

*This was one of the Wise Virgins: she took
Oyl in her Lamp, when she went forth to meet
the Bride-groom.*

Verf. Pray for us, Blessed Veronica.

*Resp. That we may be made worthy of Christ's
Promises.*

P R A Y E R.

*O Lord, we beseech thee, let the blessed Me-
rits of the Virgin Veronica go along with us,
that we may profit thereby: for thou never re-
fusedst to look down upon those to whom thou hast
granted such Helps, &c.*

A Morning H Y M N.

HER Hands are fill'd with Lillies:
The Virgins chant forth harmonious Songs:
Let many a Snow-white Flower adorn
In circling Wreaths the Brows of him
Who by the Golden Voice is known.
Veronica is made a Bride,
Is bedded in the highest Heavens.
Lo! from the Summit of Mount Libanus
The golden Voice of Christ provokes her
To come and tie the Nuptial Knot.

The LIFE of the

O thou chaste gentle Bridegroom,
 Who to Veronica's unblemish'd Merit
 Dost now restore thy self, and fill with Joy
 Her ardent Soul: blest be thy Name!
 And may the Virgin-Quirer resound it ever!

A N T H E M.

Come, my Chosen one: And I will place my
 Throne in thee; for the King hath languish'd af-
 ter thy Beauty.

Vers. After her, the King shall be serv'd
 with other Virgins.

Resp. The next in Merit shall be brought un-
 to Thee.

P R A Y E R.

O God, our Comfort, hear us; that as we
 rejoyce in remembring thy blessed Virgin Vero-
 nica, so we may likewise be edify'd with a Sense
 of true Devotion.



F I N I S.

